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LITERATURE.

Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

"I AM an idle fellow of a very lady-like turn of sentiment," wrote Fitzgerald when twenty-five years old, "and my friendships are more like loves, I think." His feeling towards his native Suffolk was the earliest of these friendships, and it lasted for life. The dulness of the landscape did not weary him. He could always find some nook where spring brought primroses and where the nightingale sang; and for enlargement of his spirit there was not far off the sea, the yellow-gray plain of water, sometimes sullen and sometimes fierce, but seeming a truer companion to the dun shore than if it were more joyous and pure. Fitzgerald's constancy in his friendships with man and place was the constancy of one who is shy and unadventurous. "The world is wide to make room for wandering"—so sang Goethe. But what if a man finds the world much too wide, and has no ambition to annex the rest of the globe to his corner of the parish? Like his own Omar, with "a loaf of bread beneath the bough" and "a book of verse," Fitzgerald needed few resources for his happiness; certainly none of the resources of vulgar luxury, but these few—friends, books, a song by Mozart, a chorus of Handel's, a picture by Constable, the grass and flowers of spring, the river with a boat on it, the sight and sound of ocean—were constantly beloved by him. His only wanderings were in the world of books; and there, too, he had his lifelong friendships, and would gladly return home from his gaddings abroad, home even from Omar and Jami to Scott's novels, Shakspeare, Sophocles, Boccaccio, and his dear and noble *Don Quixote*.

The "ultra modest man," as Carlyle calls him, living "his innocent *far niente* life" was in his own estimate not a man of genius, but a man of taste—taste, which he called the feminine of genius. As an author he needed to lean on some more originaive mind, and became independent in verse only when he depended on another. But as in his life he had strength to take his own way, which was not the way of the world, so in literature he impresses his individuality on what he accepts from greater men than himself. Fitzgerald, though shy and retired, was no weakling, and with him taste was no mere capacity for enjoying the graces and refinements of letters. He loved with a constant and ardent affection what is great, noble, and heroic. His friendships with living men were not seldom friendships with the strong—and together with Thackeray, Tennyson, Spedding, Carlyle, we

must reckon among the strong his dear lugger captain "who looks," he says, "in his cottage like King Alfred in the Story." So, too, in books, in music, in painting, in religion, he was especially attracted by all that is simple, lofty, and heroic.

"A dozen lines of Aeschylus," he writes, "have a more Almighty power on me than all Sophocles' plays; though I would perhaps rather save Sophocles, as the consummation of Greek art, than Aeschylus's twelve lines, if it came to a choice which must be lost. Besides, these Aeschyluses trouble us with their grandeur and gloom; but Sophocles is always soothing, complete, and satisfactory."

And of Handel:

"I hear little music but what I make myself, or help to make with my Parson's son and daughter. We, with not a voice among us, go through Handel's Coronation Anthems! Laughable as it may seem; yet it is not quite so; the things are so well defined, simple, and grand, that the faintest outline of them tells; my admiration of the old Giant grows and grows: his is the Music for a Great, Active, People."

And he could perceive power none the less in its investiture of grace and beauty:

"People cannot believe that Mozart is powerful, because he is so Beautiful: in the same way as it requires a very practised eye (more than I possess) to recognise the consummate power predominating in the tranquil Beauty of Greek Sculpture."

Such a feeling for what is great in literature and art prepared Fitzgerald for what is essentially a new treatment of Eastern poetry in English verse. He thought that the bulb and peri business had been somewhat overdone. He had no wish to trick out impoverished ideas with cheap prettinesses. He looked for something great in the Eastern poetry of the rosebuds and the wine-cup, and he found this in its sadness as the ground of mirth and in its wide vacuity of faith.

"One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!"

When in Bedfordshire in the early summer of 1857 Fitzgerald, as he tells his friend Prof. Cowell, put away almost all books except Omar Khayyam, "which," he says, "I could not help looking over in a paddock covered with buttercups and brushed by a delicious breeze, while a dainty racing filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and snuff about me." The fresh young life of England side by side with the sad-mirthful verses of old Omar. "Poor Fellow!" he exclaims, "I think of him and Oliver Basselin, and Anacreon; lighter shadows among the shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly." If Omar loves the blowing blossoms and the garden by the water, he is also the astronomer-poet, whose eye has followed the movements of the planets in the star-sown vault; who measures the shortness of man's life by the great years of heaven, and the pettiness of his destiny by the vast motions of the universe, and who, knowing that all our hopes and doubts and fears and ambitions must soon be covered over with the narrow words *Hic jacet*, yet would fain strew some light rose-leaves upon the tomb. Fitzgerald was impatient of the theory which would

transform Omar from a scientific and poetical child of the tribe of Epicurus into a Sufi and a saint; and assuredly the deep background of sadness which dignifies the poem must disappear if we interpret its wine-cup and its roses in a mystical sense.

Fitzgerald's letters have the charm of many felicities of description, reminiscence, confession, criticism, rising naturally out of pages which have the rare charm of ease. He touches the keys gently and soothingly, and glides into passages of unlaboured beauty. What, for example, can be more delightful than this record of the pleasant idleness of a day in spring?

"Here is a glorious sunshiny day! all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero and the delicacy of Spring: all very human however. Then at half-past one lunch on Cambridge cream-cheese: then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day: one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it."

The Epicurean in Fitzgerald had a Stoic companion, who could honestly say that he cared not a straw for wealth, rank, respectability, although he might not be so complete a follower of Epictetus or Seneca as not to resent the toothache. We have a humorous picture of this Stoic as he reads Seneca one February in "a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence; windows that don't shut; a clay soil safe beneath my feet; a thatch perforated by lascivious sparrows over my head." Poor household sparrows, that had not learnt yet the principles of stoical philosophy! "Here," he says, "I sit, read, smoke, and become very wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things." And here as he sat he wondered whether old Seneca was indeed such a humbug as people say, and none the less enjoyed the questionable philosopher's unquestionably fine writing. "Think," he adds in conclusion, "of the *rococo* of a gentleman studying Seneca in the middle of February, 1844, in a remarkably damp cottage."

But he found a better counterpoise to any innocent Epicurean tendencies in the breadth and strength of his imagination. In contrast with the description of rural springtime, the glowing anemones, cream-cheeses, and Tacitus, with his pleasant atrocity, here is a sketch of London about sunset as seen from Carlyle's little watch-tower:

"I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining-room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof: there we sat down: the window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these, roofs and chimneys, and roofs and chimneys, and here

and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but—but—perhaps he didn't wish on the whole."

The drop from the rhetorical and imaginative in the last sentence is characteristic of the writer; a shy apology for words which might seem too great for the occasion, or which might, perhaps, be thought to have in them something of the bastard magnificence of a picture by Martin. But in this letter, whether it was the momentum given to his mind by Carlyle's companionship, or by the enormous life of London, he cannot quell the imaginative mood; and after running over all the quiet goings-on of a spring day in the country, where every little thing is noted, and letting his fancy stray abroad to the German Ocean in a sudden shower, dimpling with innumerable pin points, he exclaims:

"Oh this wonderful, wonderful world, and we who stand in the middle of it are all in a maze, except poor Matthews, of Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden Cross and has no mis-giving whatsoever. When I was in his chapel on Good Friday, he called, at the end of his grand sermon, on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them: and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it: and then another, and then another—I was quite overset:—all poor people: how much richer than all who fill the London churches. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

And then, after this unusual heat, follows the apologetic, the cooling touch: "This is a sad farrago. Farewell."

Fitzgerald's literary judgments, if sometimes touched with a pleasant wilfulness, are always valuable. He was so endlessly happy with certain great writers that he did not need nor care to make acquaintance with all his contemporaries; and in London he confesses that he found himself not a little bothered by all the clever reasons which all the clever people could give for going wrong. The curse of nearly all modern literature, he says, is strain, and to cure a writer of this vice, he would prescribe a course of *Don Quixote* and the *Decameron*; but, he adds, of course the man must be a man of genius to take his ease, and even of men of genius there are those who do not take things easy, like Dante and Milton and Wordsworth: "Well, they dwell apart in the empyrean; but for Human Delight, Shakspere, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott." Spenser lay outside the range of Fitzgerald's sympathies; Shelley he found too abstract and aerial; Goethe he never really mastered. What is more surprising, he failed in an attempt upon *Gil Blas*, though not insensible to its grace and humour. It was, he says, too thin a wine for him, all sparkling with little adventures, but "no colour, no breadth like my dear Don, whom I shall resort to forthwith."

I will bring together a few of Fitzgerald's literary dicta for my readers to affirm or gain-say. We all know Matthew Arnold's essay on Gray with its often recurring text—*He never spoke out*. Fitzgerald's opinion is the more common, and I think the sounder one, that Gray had no affluence of thought or emotion demanding expression:

"By the most exquisite taste, and indefatigable lubrication, he made of his own few thoughts,

and many of other men's, a something which we all love to keep ever about us. I do not think his scarcity of work was from design; he had but a little to say, I believe, and took his time to say it."

One who certainly spoke out was Macaulay, and thus it is that Fitzgerald comments on his Life:

"Macaulay's Memoirs were less interesting to me [than Ticknor's]; though I quite believe in him as a brave, honest, affectionate man, as well (of course) as a very powerful one. It is wonderful how he, Hallam, and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one another over such questions as which is the greatest poet? which is the greatest work of that greatest poet? &c., like boys at some debating society."

The letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne are described by Matthew Arnold in a most interesting essay as underbred and ignoble—the letters of a sensuous young surgeon's apprentice, such as one might expect to hear read out in the Divorce Court. Fitzgerald had a high conception of the English gentleman; and, writing to Thackeray, he declared that to depict the true English gentleman is as great a work as to depict a Saint John. But he had an intelligent sympathy with the play of Keats's youthful passion:

"I hope I should have revolted from the book [Keats's Letters] had anything in it detracted from the man; but all seemed to me in his favour, and, therefore, I did not feel I did wrong in having the secret of that heart opened to me."

The following remark on Newman's *Apologia* confirms a feeling that has been long my own:

"Read Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, . . . deeply interesting, pathetic, eloquent, and, I think, sincere—sincere in not being conscious of all the steps he took in reaching his present place."

The conscious logic of the *Apologia* is surely wholly inadequate to account for the conclusion; but tides of a deeper logic, unconscious, emotional, were bearing the writer to the haven of his rest. In a passage on Jeremy Taylor, which occurs in one of Fitzgerald's early letters, he speaks somewhat scornfully of the volumes of selections from Taylor, which cloy one with the flowery metaphorical morsels, and with penetrating criticism he discovers the deeper sources of the great preacher's power:

"What a man he is! He has such knowledge of the nature of man, and such powers of expressing its properties, that I sometimes feel as if he had some exact counterpart of my own individual character under his eye, when he lays open the depths of the heart, or traces some sin to its root. The eye of his portrait expresses this keen intuition; and I think I should less like to have stood with a lie on my tongue before him than before any I know of."

Take last the following on the dangers which beset the sonnet writer:

"I certainly don't like sonnets, as you know; we have been spoiled for them by Daddy Wordsworth, — & Co. Moxon must write them too, forsooth. What do they seem fit for but to serve as little shapes in which a man may mould very mechanically any single thought which comes into his head, which thought is not lyrical enough in itself to exhale in a more lyrical measure? The difficulty of the sonnet-metre in English is a good excuse for the dull didactic thoughts which naturally incline towards it; fellows know there is no danger in

decanting their muddy stuff ever so slowly; they are neither prose nor poetry. I have rather a wish to tie old Wordsworth's volume about his neck, and pitch him into one of the deepest holes of his dear Duddon."

We of the Wordsworthian clan (for I am ready to profess myself a Wordsworthian), are not credited with a superabundance of humour; but I trust that no member of the tribe will feel it necessary to take "good Fitz" to task for this homicidal confession. Fitzgerald regarded Wordsworth with reverence, though he was not insensible to the foibles of his verse. And in spite of this desperate expression of his desire to assassinate an elderly poet, and notwithstanding his own announcement elsewhere that he was "going to be a great bear," we cannot read these letters without coming to have a true affection for Fitzgerald as a kindly and generous spirit.

"The children here," he writes, "are most delightful; the best company in all the world, to my mind. If you could see the little girl dance the polka with her sisters! Not set up like an Infant Terpsichore, but seriously inclined, with perfect steps in perfect time."

Such a passage wins our hearts for the writer. And this again in the wintry cold.

"If we could but feed our poor! It is now the 8th of December; it has blown a most desperate east wind, all razors; a wind like one of those knives one sees at shops in London, with 365 blades all drawn and pointed; the wheat is all sown; the fallows cannot be ploughed. What are all the poor folks to do during the winter?"

And this word of wisdom and of hope in a letter to Carlyle:

"I was very glad of your letter; especially as regards that part in it about the Derbyshire villages. In many other parts of England (not to mention my own Suffolk) you would find the same substantial goodness among the people resulting (as you say) from the funded virtues of many good humble men gone by."

We all owe a debt of gratitude to the editor of these volumes, who has done his work with characteristic thoroughness and accuracy, while scarcely ever allowing himself to appear and receive the thanks which we have ready for him.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

The British Empire. By Dr. Geffcken. Translated from the German, with the Sanction and Co-operation of the Author, by S. J. Macmillan. (Sampson Low.)

DR. GEFFCKEN has, in the five essays which make up this volume, compiled a good deal of generally well-known information concerning British affairs. His own views of England are such as are current in a portion of the German press. He has no doubt that Disraeli and Gladstone deserve to be regarded as political charlatans; but while the former sought his own advantage by the enlargement and the glory of the empire, the Liberal leader, according to Dr. Geffcken, follows his own interests with perfect indifference to the decadence of the empire. He does not mince the matter:

"Both their careers show that their aims were, above all, personal. There is, however, a feature in Disraeli's career which does him great honour: he always showed a strong

feeling for England's position in foreign politics, and he never, when in opposition, tried to embarrass the action of the Government. I am unable to discover such a patriotism in Mr. Gladstone's career, but I find him quite as selfish and ambitious."

The most important essay is entitled "The British Empire." The author admires its bulk, which he learned apparently at the Colonial Exhibition, and he labours in the way common with a certain section of continental politicians to prove that it is all in great peril. We are vulnerable, says Dr. Geffcken, especially in India. But the dangers are in reality the consequences of a false policy, above all of the Gladstonian policy, which has contributed so much towards shattering England's prestige abroad. Then we are told that "prestige is to England's power what credit is to a merchant." Our empire, in the opinion of this German publicist, was built up by an almost uninterrupted series of wars and conquests. It exists, however, under changed conditions. Germany has proved to England that the time when she could assume that she had a claim to every unoccupied spot beyond the sea is at an end. Nor has our navy been able to hold its position. That of France comes very near to it. Our fighting force by land has actually declined, and now, in this respect, England must be accounted only a second-rate power. If, therefore, a French writer in former years called England "a polype with a dwarf body and gigantic tentacles clutching the globe," it must now be said that the elasticity of those tentacles is decidedly not what it was; while, on the other hand, all over the world English interests are at stake, and no great continental or trans-oceanic struggle leaves England untouched. Together with these opinions, Dr. Geffcken holds that our material resources were never so great; that without difficulty we could raise hundreds of millions for war purposes. His judgments are somewhat abrupt. We have, it seems, been "guilty of gross negligence" in failing to construct the Tigris railway; and as for Mr. Gladstone, who has Dr. Geffcken's measureless contempt—he ran away from Russia and left Pnjdch in Russian hands. Dr. Geffcken is quite ready to advise Lord Salisbury as to his relations with Lord Hartington. By a more energetic foreign policy he is sure the Prime Minister would not lose the support of the Liberal Unionists, but would be very much strengthened in his position. When this German writer deals with Prince Albert we are not surprised to learn that "in questions affecting specially British interests the Prince judged with more acuteness than the leading English statesmen," or that the distinguished Prince left the reputation of an "imperial statesman whom England and Germany will for ever proudly call their own." We have now seen enough of Dr. Geffcken to know that he would delight in the career of Palmerston. There he finds his ideal; and though he fairly admits that Palmerston "put his stamp on no great measure" of reform at home, he firmly believes that "with his death England began to decline," and that "the whole significance of his life and labours is rightly measured only when he is compared with the Epigoni who have entered upon the inheritance which he left behind." Of Disraeli

he justly remarks that "he can hardly be called a great statesman." He, too, was but "one of the Epigoni." "His name is connected with no measure which constituted a new departure in English statesmanship." But it is for Gladstone that Dr. Geffcken reserves in his last pages all his most offensive epithets. He delights to quote the saying attributed to Bismarck, that he would have shot himself long ago had he brought so much mischief on his country as Gladstone has on his; and of Palmerston, that "this man will ruin his country." He sees in Mr. Gladstone "gifts of the first order," devoted to the most unpatriotic ends, and predicts that his last days

"will not reverse these severe judgments. The sun of his life will not set in calm splendour now that he has descended to become the associate of Irish conspirators, and employs all his remaining strength in inflaming the worst passions of mankind."

In his final essay upon the House of Lords, Dr. Geffcken shows himself not thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the case. His rejoicing that the landed estates of the peers are for the greater part unencumbered with debt, is inconsistent with the well-known estimate of charges amounting to £400,000,000 upon their estates; and, now-a-days, it is not true that "every manufacturer and merchant who has made a fortune strives to establish for himself a country seat." There are scores of such persons in London who have no ambition to become great landed proprietors.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

"STATESMEN SERIES."—*The Marquess of Wellesley.* By Col. G. B. Malleon. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS little book has all the qualities of Col. Malleon's best work—the patriot spirit, and the sound, practical acquaintance with the past and present of the British power in India. Wellesley was the chief founder of that power; for, great as were Clive and Warren Hastings, indispensable as were their labours, it was Wellesley's clear eye and firm hand that made this nation's representatives the paramount lords of the vast and varied peninsula.

Lord Mornington—as he then was—went out as Governor-General in the end of 1797, having served his apprenticeship as member of the House of Commons, and been a general supporter of Pitt in opposing the revolutionary propaganda of the new French Republic. His first cares, on reaching his post, were due to the same cause, for the Directory had extended its anti-monarchical efforts to India, and "Citizen Tippoo" was in active correspondence with Mauritius in the hope of using French animosity against the enemies of his house. But Tippoo was not what his father had been. The curse of birth-in-purple was upon him; and where Haidar Ali had been hardy, industrious, and rapid, his son was luxurious and lazy. The result is well known. Led by a resolute and experienced general, the British army stormed Seringapatam, Tippoo dying a soldier's death in the unavailing defence. The other Southern powers were tamed and made subordinate; and in 1802 the Governor-General prepared for the last struggle. Sindhia was master of the

once mighty Mughal empire, and his army was commanded by a Frenchman. The pertinacious ruler of Bengal picked a quarrel with Sindhia, the expected alliances failed them, the French general and his European officers surrendered, and the great armies were beaten in hard-fought but complete victories, which Col. Malleon has already described in his *Decisive Battles of India*. The blind old emperor, released from Mahratta durance, became a British pensioner; and the country entered upon a condition which was not greatly altered for over fifty years. Many provinces continued to be acquired—by hook or by crook, and by crook for choice—but the process was only a process of growth. The Wellesley system subsisted down to 1858.

This is a substantial achievement; and it may be admitted that it was not sufficiently appreciated at the time. The mercantile instincts of the East India Company were alarmed at the greatness thrust upon it by its brilliant servant. But he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and a step in the Irish peerage from the Crown—rewards with which "he had to be content," if, indeed, content be the proper epithet, for he called the Irish marquissate "a double-gilt potato." On his return home, Wellesley played for some years an active part in English politics, sitting in the House of Lords as Baron Wellesley—a peerage of the United Kingdom conferred upon him in 1797, though nowhere recorded by our author. In 1809 he was made Foreign Secretary under the premiership of Perceval, and was able to give vigorous help to his brother then entering upon his arduous struggle with Bonaparte's marshals in the Peninsula. But his downward career was beginning. In 1810 he failed to support actively the cabinet of which he was a member on the question of the Regency. He could not conceal his personal ambition, fostered by a sense of his own powers and a contempt for those of his chief. He absented himself from the meetings of the cabinet, and administered his own department as autocratically as if he were still governor-general. In January 1812 he found, or fancied, that he could serve no longer in an even nominal subordination to Perceval. After the melancholy death of the latter, Wellesley attempted to form a ministry with Grey, Grenville, and Canning; but the attempt failed from a variety of personal difficulties, and the well-intentioned Liverpool became Prime Minister.

For the next nine years Wellesley continued to be out of office, and carried out generally a mildly Liberal opposition to the government, supporting the cause of Catholic emancipation and the diminution of fiscal burdens and the repeal of the duty on the importation of food. In 1822 the Grenville party came into office, and Wellesley was sent as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland. Restored to vice-regal authority the ardent spirit seemed to emerge from eclipse. For five troubled years he continued to impress his virile and cultivated intelligence on the affairs of the distressful island. In the end of 1827 he once more became what Lord Melbourne called "a superseded satrap."

On returning to England he made one last bid for the premiership; but was supplanted

by his brother. Col. Malleon believes that he felt this disappointment most keenly; and the belief is confirmed by a fact within the knowledge of the present reviewer. In a paper written by a nephew of Lord Harris, it is stated that the writer saw a letter in which Wellesley spoke of the duke as "a hero of my own making"; so much can the parallax of the brightest star affect its magnitude according to the point from which it is observed. In 1829, the emancipation of the Catholics was enacted; and in 1833 Wellesley became a second time viceroy of Ireland. He, however, held the office for barely two years; and then went once more into opposition, this time as a declared Tory. He lived seven years longer, writing and publishing elegant Latin verses, and receiving a tardy acknowledgment of his Indian services from the Court of Directors. He died in 1842 at the age of eighty-two.

In estimating the story set before us by the author it would be interesting to discover both the reasons of Wellesley's success and the causes of his failure. That the Percevals and Liverpools should gain their ends and rule the British Empire, while a great diplomatist and organiser should be condemned to subordinate positions, interspersed in long periods of enforced retirement, may seem inexplicable. Nevertheless, there are a few facts which throw light on the case, and their consideration may not be without profit for aspirants to public life.

The faults of Wellesley's character count for a good deal. There is evidence in all that we know about him that he was vain, arbitrary, and ambitious. Such a man is constantly giving offence and making enemies. He insisted on "unqualified support"—a thing which, as one of his friends pointed out to him, one would hesitate to promise to anyone, even one's king. Then, again, the very qualities by which Wellesley succeeded in India were fatal to his success in English public life. In India a ruler works, so to speak, in a vacuum. He meets with but little resistance, and that little of a kind that he can usually overcome. Indeed, in this fact we have probably the explanation of the general failure of Anglo-Indians in home politics.

Take him for all in all, however, Wellesley was a very great man; and Col. Malleon is to be thanked for giving us a new study of his public life which is brief without being obscure.

H. G. KEENE.

The Poems of Emma Lazarus. In 2 vols. With Memoir. (Boston, U.S.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

It is not to admirers in the United States only that this edition of the poetical writings of the late Miss Emma Lazarus will be welcome. Here, no doubt, the sweetest of the young voices of Israel is better known by her excellent renderings from Heine, and her still more admirable translations from the old Spanish singers of her own race, than by her powerful dramatic compositions or her sonnets and lyrics. Many, no doubt, have read her Goethean romance, *Alide*. And, to judge from that work, and her contributions to magazines, it is a pity that a supplementary selec-

tion of Miss Lazarus's prose was not added to this memorial edition; and, in particular, it is to be regretted that her unfinished, yet far advanced, critical study of the genius of Rembrandt is not included.

There is, in this second volume, a collection of short prose poems, entitled "By the Waters of Babylon," in one of which occurs a verse pregnant with significance—"Daylong I brooded upon the Passion of Israel." For, in truth, it is the very passion of Israel that is the source of all that is best in Miss Lazarus's work. By it she was thrilled and inspired. In a free country, and enfranchised from the formalism of Judaism, what nobler ethnical heritage could a poet have? It is conceivable that the time may come when to be born a Jew will be a crowning distinction; even now the Semitic poet need never suffer the humiliations and the vicarious agonies which befel the greatest of modern singers. And surely no passion of patriotism or tribal hope elsewhere can surpass that of the prophets and poets among those who look for a greater *Rosh-Hashanah* than that of annual recurrence, who believe in the unification of the racially most potent people of whom we have record. How admirably Miss Lazarus expresses the distinctive quality of her people when she writes:

"Every student of the Hebrew language is aware that we have in the conjugation of our verbs a mood known as the *intensive voice*, which, by means of an almost imperceptible modification of vowel-points, intensifies the meaning of the primitive root. A similar significance seems to attach to the Jews themselves in connexion with the people among whom they dwell. They are the *intensive form* of any nationality whose language and customs they adopt. . . . Influenced by the same causes, they represent the same results; but the deeper lights and shadows of their Oriental temperament throw their failings, as well as their virtues, into more prominent relief."

Excellent as is Miss Lazarus's early poetry, and certainly well worthy of honour in a time when acknowledgment of high worth is bestowed with a largess too liberal to be discriminate, her best work must be sought in those poems for the most part written after her sudden "call to arms," at the time of the Russian and German crusade against Israel, which commenced ten years ago. Her two dramas—"Spagnoletto," and "The Dance to Death"—are respectively characteristic of Emma Lazarus, the American poet, and Emma Lazarus, the passionate Semite. In the former—a painfully sombre tragedy, as lurid and as unrelieved in its horror as the "Cenci" itself—there is a lack of that restrained abandon, if the seeming paradox be permissible, which permeates all great art. She wrote it probably because the story of the painter Ribera fascinated her as a dramatic artist; she wrote it with the magic upon her of the "Cenci," of "Ruy Blas," of whatever, in modern letters, is almost barbaric in violent intensity; but she did not write it with the more or less conscious knowledge that every act, every scene, every line, palpitated and breathed and moved towards one inevitable goal—a goal worthy of that palpitation, that aspiration, that impassioned onward movement. Thus must she, thus did she write "The Dance to Death," that remarkable tragedy which is so far more impressive

in its reserve than "Spagnoletto" in its vehemence, which is so vivid, so picturesque, at times so grandiose, that we are uplifted to a rare atmosphere; and which is yet so intensely idiosyncratic that none but one inspired by that *Judenschmerz*, which has been the fount of so much splendid artistic achievement, could have written it. Historical students may demur to Miss Lazarus's originality in this tragedy, on account of her indebtedness to Reinhard's "Der Tanz zum Tode; ein Nachtstück aus dem vierzehnten Jahrhundert"—a narrative compiled from authentic documents discovered by Prof. Franz Delitzsch; but, of course, the fact of the poet having been in this sense forestalled is of no more significance than the discovery of Shakspeare's indebtedness to the Italian chronicler of the love episode in the feud-history of the Montagues and Capulets. Of singular power and charm is the description, near the close of the tragedy, of the procession of the doomed Jews of Nordhausen to their place of death, and of their martyrdom. Over the piled fagots a floor is laid, whereon the Israelites may

"dance and sing
Fearless of death, until the flames engulf—
Even as David danced before the Lord,
As Miriam danced and sung beside the sea."

Through the narrative break ever and again sharp, ominous cries, vaguely interlarded, urgent, terrible: "Woe unto us who perish"—"Amen! amen! amen! We dance to death!" With the belt-fringed, silken-bound scrolls of the law, the perpetual lamp, and the silver vessels of the sanctuary, and the seven-branched candlestick, the procession marches deathward amid savage insult and triumph. Young and old, hale and infirm, young mothers with their babes, and lovers walking hand in hand, all scarfed and gemmed, and richly attired, pass on, with over and around them the screaming "Burn! burn!" of the citizens. But high above the crimson blaze wherein dance in a strange ecstasy the condemned, wherein flash the falling jewels, and wave veils and fiery raiment, rises the death-song of the Jewish youths, "Let us rejoice!" and the semichoric chant of the daughters of Israel:

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Zion,
Within thy portals, O Jerusalem!"

No one who cares for Miss Lazarus's poetry—no one, rather, who has heed for what is really noteworthy in contemporary verse—will care to be without the first volume, which contains, in addition to an interesting memoir, her non-Jewish narrative and lyrical poems, and "Spagnoletto"; but lovers of poetry that belongs to a rarer and loftier atmosphere will do well not to deny themselves the second volume. Here, besides the "Dance to Death" and "By the Waters of Babylon," are several short Jewish poems of exceptional power and beauty, including the stirring "Banner of the Jew" and the "Feast of Lights," wherein "the Macabean spirit leaps new-born." Here, also, are the beautiful and valuable translations from the sweet singers of old—Judah Ben Ha-Levi, Gabirol, and Moses Ben Esra; a notable and successful enlargement upon Heine's "Donna Clara"; several excellent sonnets from Petrarch; and distinctly able versions of Alfred de Musset's "October Night" and

"Night in May." It is regrettable, however, that a selection of the finest of her Heine translations had not been substituted for those, on the whole of less worth, from the French and Italian. It should be added that the sympathetic memoir, which has already appeared in an American magazine, is preceded by an excellent likeness of Miss Lazarus—as she was latterly, however, rather than at the time of her visit to London some years ago.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Norway Pilot. Part I. From the Naze to Christiania, thence to the Kattegat. Second Edition. Compiled by Lieut. G. T. Temple, R.N. (Printed for the Admiralty.)

THE *Norway Pilot*, Part I., is an ably compiled body of sailing directions for a coast which is much frequented by English yachts and merchant vessels, and occasionally visited by the channel and training squadrons of our navy. The volume is compiled from Norwegian sources; but, as the officer to whom the work has been entrusted is well acquainted both with the Norwegian language and with coasts of which he is the official guide, his special knowledge has enabled him to make several additions which give completeness and special value to the present edition. Thus a glossary of words and rules for pronunciation enable the navigator to converse with Norwegian pilots; and an introduction supplies information respecting the physical geography, statistics, and climate of Norway, and the hydrography of the North Sea.

Although there are generally deep-water channels between the numerous islands along the coast, yet the navigation is difficult, requiring great caution and promptitude; for these outlying islands and rocks are numberless, and the passages between them are very intricate, while in the winter the landmarks are often hidden by accumulations of snow. The importance of accurate and clear sailing directions and charts is, therefore, exceptionally great.

The coast described in *Norway Pilot*, No. 1, extends from the bluff headland of the Naze, the southern extreme of the mainland of Norway, to the old Castle of Marstrand in Sweden, including Christiansand and Christiania, the capital of the kingdom. The portion of the Swedish coast included in the volume, from the Koster Islands to Marstrand, is known as the Bohuslän, the home of the Vikings, and one of the cradles of the early northern sagas. Here are Strömstad, the northernmost Swedish town on this coast; Lysekil, a summer resort; and Marstrand, a much frequented watering-place, and a locality of great interest in Swedish history. The famous old castle of Marstrand, with its lofty round tower and batteries now abandoned, forms a conspicuous landmark. The southern channel leading to the anchorage at Marstrand is so narrow that the small passenger steamers which ply between the little sea-bathing town and Gothenburg have only about 2 feet to spare on either side in passing through it. This fact will give a good idea of the intricacy of the navigation, and of the importance of accurate and detailed sailing directions.

It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation that the services should have been available

of so competent and accomplished an expert as Lieut. George Temple, whose local and linguistic knowledge enable him to collate all existing Norwegian publications bearing on the subject, as well as to contribute additional information from his own personal observations and experience.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

NEW NOVELS.

The Tents of Shem. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Giraldi; or, the Curse of Love. By R. G. Dering. In 2 vols. (Trübner.)

The Rambler Papers. By J. C. Jeffery. (W. H. Allen.)

Driven before the Storm. By Gertrude Forde. (Spencer Blackett.)

My Spanish Sailor. By Marshall Saunders. (Ward & Downey.)

Where have you been? By Kate Thompson. (Digby & Long.)

A Strange Enchantment. By B. L. Farjeon. (White.)

Suspicion. By Christian Lys. (Ward & Downey.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN's latest work—*The Tents of Shem*—having run its course through the pages of an illustrated periodical, now appears in three-volume form. It is marked by the same manly and genial style of writing that has won for this author his reputation, and will prove no unworthy addition to his efforts in fiction. Prominent among the characters is Iris Knyvett, student of Girton, and "Third Classic" in the Cambridge Classical Tripos of her year. Though the author confesses to a prejudice against the "higher education of women," he has drawn the present specimen of a learned lady in anything but an unfriendly spirit; indeed, his treatment of the subject suggests a desire on his part to prove that the acquisition of Latin and Greek does not prevent a girl from being essentially a woman at heart after all. At the same time he has painted for us, with a still more loving hand, Miriem, a child of the desert by training and maternal descent, but on her father's side English, who eventually proves to be the cousin and co-heiress of the "Third Classic." There is plenty of spontaneous and well-sustained humour throughout; and, in this particular alone, Thomas Whitmarsh, Esquire, Q.C.—a shining light in his profession, but a man of childish simplicity in all matters not connected with the Probate and Divorce Court—is a host in himself. But it is in the descriptive parts that the author is, perhaps, seen to best advantage. Before the end of the first volume the action is entirely transferred to African soil, and the tale becomes intimately connected with the French occupation of Algiers. The remnants of Moorish magnificence that still lend grandeur to the capital city, the wild scenery of the Kabyle mountains of the interior, and the still wilder life of the Moslem nomads who dwell there, furnish effective material for Mr. Grant Allen's pen; and the narrative of the rising of the conquered tribes against their invaders should be read with special interest by English people, to whom the details will recall so

many reminiscences of our own struggles with a similar people in the Soudan. The subtlety and stealthiness of native attack, the ferocity that spares nothing when once the Jihad or Holy War is proclaimed, and the utter collapse of a savage host when matched against the disciplined forces of civilisation, are all described here with a liveliness and effect that leave nothing to be desired.

From the second title which Mr. Dering has given to his book, and from some passages occurring in the first volume, it would appear that the author originally set out with the intention of proving that love is a sort of baleful influence, inimical to order and progress, and responsible for nearly all the miseries and misfortunes of mankind. If such was the case, we can only remark that this self-constituted champion of celibacy and humdrum has but poorly fulfilled his mission. In its stead he has given us a very charming novel; and as the last volume concludes with the usual marriages, either completed or prospective, he appears, so far from cursing his enemy, to have ended by blessing him altogether. The scene of the story is laid in the country town of Heathercombe, rejoicing in any number of religious denominations; and it is mainly to this aspect of the social life of the place that we are introduced. Mr. Dering is not only a keen observer of persons, but has a cultured and easy flow of language; and he may be congratulated on having made a very creditable first attempt in fiction. The only part of his book which—as conveying a rather unworthy suggestion of pique—might with advantage have been omitted is the dedication of it to Thomas Lowestoft, Esquire, "in recognition," to use the author's words, "of his unwearied attempts to discourage me in my literary career, and to dissuade me, in particular, from publishing the present work."

Of *The Rambler Papers*—a novel dealing mainly with military life—there is not much to be said, except that it is agreeably written, and may be taken as a tolerably faithful representation of the society it depicts. The heroine—a retired general's daughter, and a somewhat hoydenish young person—contrives to earn for herself a considerable amount of dislike among the ladies of a garrison town, and ultimately marries the least popular, though by no means the least worthy, officer of the regiment quartered there.

It is, perhaps, fortunate for *Driven before the Storm* that its interest does not depend upon originality of conception as regards the plot. The tales which centre upon the hero or heroine becoming suspected of a murder, the mystery about which is only cleared up by the dying confession of a repentant wretch in the last chapter, may be counted by hundreds, while the sprained ankle which evokes the first sentiments of tenderness towards Angelina on the part of Edwin has long ago passed into the category of stale devices. However, the rustiest peg may sometimes serve to support an abundance of beautiful clothing; and if Miss Forde's outlines err, as they undoubtedly do, on the side of conventionality, it must be admitted that her filling-in shows capacity of an almost first-rate kind. Her book has sharply marked characters, both men and women being pour-

trayed with pretty equal fairness and fidelity—a characteristic not always observable in the works of lady novelists; and, though its action “hangs” occasionally owing to its over-elaborated analysis of feelings, it is, as a rule, written easily, naturally, and in good English.

On the other hand it would be impossible to find fault with the plot of *My Spanish Sailor*, for the simple reason that it possesses no plot at all. Nevertheless, it is anything but a dull story. Nanette Fairfax, a girl not yet out of her teens, is privately married—for reasons which disclose themselves as the narrative progresses—to the captain of a steam vessel, a man twice her age, who brings her with him to England as an ordinary passenger travelling under her maiden name. The story is nothing more than an autobiographical record of the petty embarrassments and predicaments that befall an impulsive young woman, and of her ever variant moods, affectionate, repellent, and remorseful; but there is a crispness in the humour and a piquancy in the dialogue that fairly entitle it to a place among the readable class of novels.

Where have you been? resembles *My Spanish Sailor* in being a mere narrative of day-to-day life, illustrating the progressive stages of a love affair, which, in this case, finally ends in a sharp disappointment. It is an amusing story, but too short to require an extended notice. The peculiar title of the work seems to be due to some eccentricity on the part of the author. So far as one can see, it has nothing to do with the action of the novel; at least, not in any sense in which such a heading as “How do you feel now?” or “What do you intend doing next?” would not be equally appropriate.

As has been before mentioned in these columns, it is scarcely possible to criticise seriously works of fiction which depend for effects and *dénouement* upon charms, and potions, and magic crystals, and the general apparatus of sorcery. In *A Strange Enchantment* Mr. B. L. Farjeon gives forth to the world a novelette of 100 pages, in which the deceiver of a woman is compelled by an African magician to disclose his crime, under the influence of some mysterious globules, and through the instrumentality of an enchanted mirror. It seems a pity that so able an author should have recourse to such doubtful contrivances for lending an interest to his story. Mr. Farjeon reminds us at the outset that “we seem to be on the threshold of startling discoveries in the unseen world.” The fact may be so. In the meantime, however, anticipations of these discoveries, for purposes of fiction, are about on a par, as regards literary value, with critiques written in advance, and appearing in print, concerning an artistic performance, which, owing to some unlucky accident, never appears before the public at all.

Suspicion is an uncommonly well-written novelette, belonging to what we may call the detective class. There is an old country-house; popularly supposed to be haunted, situated close to a rocky shore. The former master has met his death there under peculiarly mysterious circumstances; and now, at the advent of fresh occupiers—a young married couple, who, as usual, have no fear of ghosts

before their eyes—the weird noises again assert themselves to the terror of the house and neighbourhood. The interest almost entirely turns upon the detection of the mystery. There is no love story in the ordinary acceptation of the word, though circumstances arise in the course of the narrative which lead the husband to entertain suspicions of his wife, from which the novel derives its name.

J. BARROW ALLEN.

THE LITERATURE OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

“TEXTE UND UNTERSUCHUNGEN ZUR GESCHICHTE DER ALTCHRISTLICHEN LITERATUR.” (Leipzig: Hinrichs; London: Williams & Norgate.)

III. Band. Heft 3 und 4. *Aphraat's des persischen Weisen Homilien*, aus dem Syrischen übersetzt und erläutert von Georg Bert. *Die Akten des Karpus, des Pappylus und der Agathonike*, eine Urkunde aus der Zeit Mark Aurel's untersucht von Adolf Harnack.

IV. Band. Heft 1. *Tatiani Oratio ad Graecos* recensuit Eduardus Schwartz.

V. Band. Heft 2. *Die Abfassungszeit der Schriften Tertullians*. Von E. Noeldchen. *Neue Fragmente des Papias, Hegesippus und Papias*. Von C. De Boor.

V. Band. Heft 3. *Das Hebräer-Evangelium*. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte und Kritik des hebräischen Matthäus von Rudolf Handmann.

THE Homilies of Aphraates, the Persian sage, were edited for the first time in this country by Dr. Wright in 1869. The first volume contained the Syriac text from MSS. of the fifth and sixth centuries in the British Museum; the second volume, which was to give the English translation, has not yet appeared, and it has been now anticipated by the German version of Dr. Bert. The Homilies have a singular interest, both from the character of their author, and the time in which they were written. The history of Aphraates can be gathered to some extent from his writings. Born about A.D. 280, he lived in the age of the first development of monasticism. He entered the monastery Mor Mattai, which lies twelve miles to the north of Nineveh, on the height of Makluba. That monastery still exists. It belongs to the Jacobite Church; and Dr. Badger, who visited it in October, 1843, has given, in his work, *The Nestorians and their Ritual* (i., p. 96 sq.), a description of its buildings. It was founded most probably by Christians who had, during the persecution of Diocletian, taken refuge in the kingdom of Persia. Aphraates belonged to the earlier generation of monks; and he held at the same time a high position in the hierarchy of his church, as is evident from his circular epistle to the clergy and congregations of Armenia (*Hom.*, xiv., comp. vi., x., and xxii.). The letter of the Arab bishop Georg (ed. Lagarde, *Analecta Syr.*, p. 103 sq.) to the presbyter Jesus, written A.D. 714, expressly states that Aphraates was a bishop, while belonging at the same time to a monastic order. For, unlike the other Eastern churches, the Syrians permitted their abbots to exercise episcopal functions; and there were among them no less than twenty-one monasteries which were centres of sees. The Christians who had settled down in Persia were not destined to find rest. Homily XXII. mentions

“the 36th year of King Shapur, who caused the persecution, and the 5th year since the churches were extirpated; the year in which the murder of the martyrs took place in the eastern country.”

It shows incidentally that the collection of

sermons to which it belonged was made between A.D. 335 and 345. Dr. Bert points out in the introduction to his work how considerable is the importance of the sermons for the student of language as well as of history. Next to those of Origen the oldest Homilies in existence, twenty-three in number, drawn up in the form of letters, they touch on the various points of Christian doctrine and ethics, on faith and charity, on penitence and fasting, on celibacy and virginity, on the instruction of the brethren (monks), on their duties during the times of persecution, &c. They afford, as Nöldeke says, a picture of Christianity which is perfectly simple and truly oriental in its character. They lay stress on asceticism, yet without that exaggeration which belongs to a later time; they inveigh against Jews and heretics, against Valentine and Mani, yet without that bitterness which so frequently mars the polemical works of Catholic writers. Their doctrine appears untouched by the controversies of dogmatists; their language and diction are singularly pure, and free from foreign words. “Whoever would write a Syriac syntax,” says the same authority, “must take his standard from Aphraates.” A strange fate has overhung the sermons of the Persian sage; born out of time, they belonged to an age that had passed away. In the Roman empire the church had contracted an alliance with the state, conquering—and being conquered by—the world; and the church in Eastern Syria, under Persian rule, was endeavouring to conform to that of the neighbouring empire. The sermons remained unheeded by Western writers; Gennadius alone, who continued, A.D. 490-95, St. Jerome's book *De Viris Illustribus*, noticed them. But they were in the fifth century translated into Armenian; and, although almost forgotten at home, they have exercised till the present day considerable influence on the Armenian church and literature.

Prof. Harnack's contribution is of considerable interest. The historian Eusebius (*H. E.* iv. 15) closes an account of the martyrdom of Polycarp at Smyrna with an allusion to three sufferers—Carpus, Pappylus, and Agathonice—who died for their faith at Pergamus. The names of the three martyrs appear in the oldest calendar known to us, the *Martyrologium Orientale*, drawn up between 365 and 380 by an Arian cleric at Nicomedia. They have thence passed into the Latin and Greek calendars, and one day in the year—it was originally April 13—is devoted to their memory. The record contained in the martyrologies of the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries refer their death to the persecution under the Emperor Decius, 250. Aubé published in the *Revue Archéologique* (December, 1881, p. 348 sq.) a text far older than those hitherto known, and differing from them altogether. The French savant was not aware of the importance of the discovery he had made. He published his text without comment; and he also assigned the date of the martyrdom to the reign of Decius. Prof. Harnack has added an excellent commentary to his edition of the same text; and he believes that the event which it records took place as early as the second century, during the years that Marcus Aurelius was co-regent with Antoninus Pius. We are unable to agree with one argument which he adduces in favour of the earlier date. The Christian confessor, led before the judge, is reminded of the “orders τῶν Ἀποστόλων enjoining him to worship the gods,” v. 4. The plural Ἀποστόλων, as well as Σεβαστῶν (v. 21) must refer to contemporary emperors—to the Antonines, says Prof. Harnack (p. 451 sq.), and not to Decius, who had neither a colleague nor a predecessor who had passed any such law. But surely the orders by which Christians were obliged “to worship the gods,” first enacted by

Trajan, had been enforced by his successors, and could be cited during the reign of any single emperor as *προσάγματα τῶν Αὐγούτων*. But we quite endorse the opinion of the editor that these records possess all the characteristics peculiar to the second century and to the age of Marcus Aurelius. The character of the judge, his patience, his endeavours to make the Christians recant, the simple confession of Carpus, which shows, however, traces of culture and learning, the sympathy of the crowd with the sufferers, and especially with Agathonice, who suddenly beholds in a vision, above the ghastly place of execution, "the glory of the Lord," and, with the exclamation, "The table is spread," steps forth to die at the stake—all these features recall to our mind the martyrdom of Polycarp, of Justin, and of the Christians at Lyons. The whole scene is of almost dramatic power. The numerous allusions to the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and especially of St. John, which the editor has carefully collected, are of considerable interest in a text which dates from a comparatively early age.

Six years have now passed, so E. Schwartz informs us in his preface, since O. von Gebhardt proposed to him an edition of the Greek Apologists of the second century in connexion with the series of "Texte und Untersuchungen," which he, together with A. Harnack, was then beginning to publish. Of these Apologists, Justin Martyr was to be undertaken by O. von Gebhardt; Tatian, Athenagoras, and Theophilus by E. Schwartz. "Jam primus hujus societatis fructus prodit, Tatiani Oratio ad Graecos." The text of this speech has come down to us in three MSS., which are transcripts of one original, the celebrated codex Paris, 451, written in A.D. 914 by order of the Archbishop Arethas of Caesarea ("Texte u. U." vol. i., p. 41 sq.), and dating from that revival of letters which took place during the reign of Leo the philosopher. This codex contains portions of the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Eusebius, and Athenagoras; but, unfortunately, "triginti duo folia," on which was written the *Oratio ad Graecos*, have been lost. And all editions of the oration are dependent for their text on the three transcripts. Additional information, however, is obtained in the numerous quotations from Tatian which we meet with in Eusebius's Preparation and History. But the historian himself evidently used a copy of which the text had been altered in many instances. And E. Schwartz has, on his journeys to Paris and Italy, compared the various MSS. He has examined six containing the History and five containing the Preparation. Appended are the scholia (codex Paris, 174) which were added by the learned Archbishop of Caesarea, the quotations from Tatian found in later authors, as well as the opinions passed upon him by ecclesiastical writers like Irenaeus, Eusebius, and Jerome. An index of authors, and of names and words met with in the oration, renders the edition complete. A pathetic interest attaches to the person of Tatian. Born in Assyria, nurtured in Hellenic culture (comp. "Texte u. U." vol. i., 1, p. 212), a rhetorician of some renown, he came to Rome; converted to Christianity about 150 A.D., he became a member of the Church and a disciple of Justin Martyr. Two years later he composed the speech, the *Apologia pro vita sua*, in which he at once vindicated the step he had taken and bid Hellenic learning a final farewell. A teacher of high position in the church, and, at the same time, the most intensely serious of Christian philosophers, he developed a system of his own, in which he laid stress on the dualism of the spirit and the flesh, the church and the world. Twenty years after he had entered, he left the church, which, in his estimate, had made a compromise with the world. His

secession took place during the time of Bishop Soter of Rome, A.D. 172 or 173. Ecclesiastical writers have called him a heretic, but they have themselves involuntarily borne witness to the influence of his strong and solemn character. All his other writings, excepting the orations, have perished, and among them the *Diatessaron*, perhaps the earliest complete synopsis of the Gospels. There is much that is dark and difficult in this his Apology. It has been, owing to these very difficulties, neglected both in Germany and in England. And we do not doubt that this excellent edition of E. Schwartz, as well as the commentary on it, which is to form the second part of the fourth volume of "Texte u. U.," will tend to draw the attention of scholars to the oration of Tatian.

In determining the order in which the books of Tertullian were written, Dr. Noeldechen has collected all the evidence which he could bring to bear on his task. He has taken into account, first of all, the idioms which appear in the different works.

"It is a well-known fact," he says (p. 2), "that in the course of a few decades the national language changes, that some words and expressions rise to the surface, others sink to the bottom, so to speak, of a swiftly flowing river; the pen of one writer creates new forms, and makes fresh words."

There are those of Tertullian's tracts in which expressions like "military service, the type of Christian life," or "Babylon, the emblem of heathen Rome," are taking shape, others in which they appear ready made. The attitude which the Father assumed with regard to the questions whether virgins should go veiled, or Christians should flee in times of persecution, and in the determining of which he grew severer as years passed on, are an indication of the order in which his works appeared. In the same way he learned, in course of time, to lay stress on the exact definition of the meaning of words (*proprietas vocabulorum*); on the difference between *veritas* and *imago*, on the doctrine of what is merely *permissum* or *indultum*, and on the conditions under which communion with the church should be granted or denied. He learned to regard *natura*, *disciplina*, and *scriptura*, as the three sources of knowledge, which must supplement each other. The position which he had taken up with regard to the *Pastor of Hermas* underwent a complete change during the course of his literary career. His later works show a greater wealth of quotations from Scripture; and not infrequently expressions escape him which betray the self-consciousness of a man who has become famous. Occasionally we meet with references to contemporary persons or events, e.g., *ad Scapulam*. Tertullian enumerates the proconsuls of North Africa who were friendly to the Christians, and contrasts them with Saturninus, 198-200, who first persecuted them; or in *adv. Praxeum* he gives the history of the Phrygian heresy, and speaks of the Roman bishops Victor (A.D. 189-199) and Eleutherus (A.D. 175-189). In this exhaustive work, Prof. Noeldechen has availed himself of everything which may assist him in determining the order of that long series of famous tracts, which begins most probably with the exhortations addressed "to the nations" and "to the martyrs," and ends with a diatribe on chastity. His inquiry has the additional value of showing incidentally the various phases in the mental and spiritual development of the greatest writer which the Western Church brought forth before St. Augustine.

The appendix contains a series of quotations from the Code Baroccianus, 142 (comp. Brieger's *Zeitschrift für Kirchengesch.*, vi., p. 478 sq.) by Dr. C. De Bcor. This code contains, on fol. 212-224, a number of texts from Eusebius. The texts are followed by notes,

taken from the Christian History of Philippus of Side (written about A.D. 430), containing some curious information, which is given on the authority of the early writers, Papias, Hegesippus, and Pierius. The sons of Jude, the brother of our Lord, who were summoned to Rome by the Emperor Domitian (Eus. iii. 17-29), bore the names Zoker and James, so we are told. To the remark of Clement of Alexandria (E. iii. 30) that Peter and Paul and Philip were married men, we find the note added that Paul "offered up his wife unto God for the sake of the church, having ceased to have communication with her." After the passage (E. iii. 39 and 25), we read:

"Papias says in his second book that John the divine and James his brother were killed by the Jews. Papias learned from the daughters of Philippus that Barsabas the Just, having been given the poison of an adder to drink, was preserved from injury by the name of Christ. He relates also other miracles, especially the one concerning the mother of Manaem [perhaps identical with Manaen, the foster brother of Herod the tetrarch, a teacher at Antioch, Acts xiii. 1] who rose from the dead. About those who were by Christ raised from the dead, he says that they lived till the time of Hadrian."

Into the questions connected with the history of Philippus of Side, or the authorities upon whom he drew, we cannot now enter. But the notes, some of which we have quoted, embody the traditions of an age which succeeded immediately that of the twelve apostles. And our thanks are due to Dr. De Boor for having drawn attention to these interesting relics, which appear to have escaped the observation of scholars, because they are in the Codex Baroccianus bracketed, so to speak, between well-known passages.

Of the Gospels which were not received into the canon of the New Testament, and which have been consequently lost, the most important is that according to the Hebrews. The question as to the relationship which it bore to the canonical Gospels has been very differently answered by various scholars. Lessing advanced the ingenious theory that an ancient Hebrew work, containing apostolical tradition, and called "Gospel according to the Hebrews," or "according to the Twelve Apostles," existed among the Jews of Palestine, and that it was translated into Greek by Matthew. This view was accepted in the main by the Tübingen school, and it has again recently been put forward by Hilgenfeld. On the other hand, scholars like Gieseler and De Wette maintained that this book, so far from being the source upon which Matthew and Luke have drawn, is of a later date, that it records a tradition which is frequently inaccurate, and that it deserves to be termed apocryphal. Dr. Handmann's opinion is that the accounts given by the early Christian writers refer not to one but to several Hebrew gospels. The ancient Jewish Christian community emigrated from Jerusalem to Pella (Eus. iii. 15). Some of its members settled down to the east of the Jordan. Distinguished from all other congregations by their old-fashioned mode of living, they were unable to follow the development of doctrine that took place in regard to the person of Christ; and they were at the end of the second century excluded from the Catholic Church. Among them there existed two distinct parties: the Ebionitic, imbued with Gnostic ideas, which has left a record of itself in the pseudo-Clementine Homilies, and in a spurious gospel "according to the Twelve," and the Nazarenes, who were descended from the Church founded at Jerusalem by the apostles, and whose sacred book was the Hebrew gospel. This book was at an early date translated into Greek. The original was used by the historians of early

Christianity—by Hegesippus, himself of Jewish descent, who wrote about A.D. 170; and by Eusebius, who lived in Palestine (339). The translation is frequently alluded to by the Alexandrine divines, Clement and Origen. St. Jerome, who spent thirty-four years of his life in Palestine, found two copies of that Gospel: one in the library at Caesarea, and another which was still in use among Nazarenes in Syria; and he mentions expressly (*Adv. Pelag.* iii. 2) that it was composed in the Aramaic dialect, which had been spoken by Jesus and his disciples, but that it was written in Hebrew characters. So far we have stated Dr. Handmann's opinions, but we are unable to follow him in his conclusions as to the age and the importance of the Hebrew Gospel. That book was the original, he says (p. 133 sq.), of some of the narratives contained in Matthew as well as in Luke; but he seems unable in the first instance to account for the ecclesiastical tradition which connected it with Matthew alone. The clear statement of Irenaeus (*Adv. Haer.* i. 26)—"Ebionaei solo autem eo quod est secundum Matthaeum evangelio utuntur" (repeated iii. 12)—he sets aside with the remark that the Father, who spent his life in the south of Gaul, at Vienne and Lyons, was not accurately informed about a sect which existed in the East (p. 36). And the authority of St. Jerome he impugns on the ground that that Father, although himself better informed, did not venture to cast doubts on a tradition which identified the Hebrew gospel with Matthew, and which was supported by men like Epiphanius and Irenaeus (p. 64). This supposition, however, leaves the origin of that tradition unexplained; nor is it easy to see why St. Jerome should have been afraid of committing himself to a statement which the simplest reference to the two Gospels would have borne out. According to Dr. Handmann, the Hebrew Gospel is the most ancient record of Jesus's life; next comes Mark: from these two sources in the main the Gospels of Matthew and Luke have been compiled (p. 136 sq.). But when we eliminate from the first and the third Gospel all those portions which they have in common with the second, we do not see that the remaining chapters show any affinity with the Hebrew fragments which have come down to us. These fragments have a character of their own. Comparing passages like the one on the baptism of Jesus (*St. Jer. Ad. Jes.* ii. 1):

"It came to pass when the Lord ascended from the water, the font of the Holy Spirit descended upon him, and rested upon him, and said unto him: My son, in all the prophets did I expect thee, that thou mightest come, and that I might rest in thee. For thou art my rest, thou art my firstborn son, who reignest in eternity";

or that wonderful scene (*St. Jer., De Vir. Ill.*, c. 2) where the risen Jesus appears to his brother James, with the fantastic description of the transfiguration where "the mother, the Spirit, seizes him by one hair of his head, and carries him to the great mountain of Thabor" (*Orig. In Joh.* 2, 6)—we understand at once the veneration with which the Alexandrine divines regarded this Gospel, and the sound judgment with which the church excluded it from the New Testament. We have no reason to regret this decision. Nor can we expect to derive from this book any information regarding the origin of our Gospels, unless by some happy chance a copy of one of St. Jerome's translations, or better still of the Aramaic original, now perhaps buried beneath the rubbish of some Eastern monastery, be brought to light. And this is not—considering the discovery of the codex Sinaiticus, and in late years of the *Didachè*—an altogether vain hope.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE death of Baron de Witte, the eminent Belgian archaeologist, creates a second vacancy among the eight Foreign Members of the Académie des Inscriptions. After his and Amari's death, there are at present but six Foreign Members left—Rossi at Rome (1867), Max Müller at Oxford (1869), Gorresio at Turin (1876), Cobet at Leiden (1876), Rawlinson at London (1887), and Miklosich at Vienna (1888).

THE following will, so far as we know, be the English members present at the eighth International Congress of Orientalists, which will meet at Stockholm and Christiania during the first fortnight of September. Prof. Max Müller will be the guest of the King of Sweden and Norway, the patron of the congress; Profs. Sayce and Macdonell will represent Oxford, and Prof. Bensley Cambridge; while Mr. F. W. Percival has been chosen as their delegate by the Society of Antiquaries. Prof. Sayce and Mr. Percival propose to visit St. Petersburg before going to Stockholm.

MR. ANDREW LANG has collected or retold a number of fairy stories, which will be published early in the autumn season by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *The Blue Fairy Book*, with numerous illustrations by Mr. H. J. Ford and Mr. G. P. Jacob Hood.

MR. H. S. SALT, the biographer of James Thomson, is now engaged in writing a *Life of Thomson*.

JEANIE MORISON—the author of a noticeable poem, entitled "The Purpose of the Ages"—has written an outline analysis of Mr. Brownings's "Sordello," which will be published shortly by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER, of Paisley—who has made a speciality of handsomely printed books about Scottish history—announces a series to be called "The Historical Castles and Mansions of Scotland," by Mr. A. H. Millar. Each volume will be illustrated with a photograph frontispiece, and numerous other engravings. The first, to be issued in the present autumn, will deal with the counties of Perth, Forfar, and Fife. The impression will be strictly limited.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a sort of reply to Mr. Mowbray Morris's recent *Life of Claverhouse*, which will be called *Clavers, the Despot's Champion: a Scot's Biography*, by a Southerner.

THE next volume in the "Badminton Library," to be published in the autumn, is *Fencing, Boxing, and Wrestling*, written by Messrs. Walter H. Pollock, F. C. Grove, Walter Armstrong, E. B. Mitchell, and M. Prévost. This will be followed later by *Golf*, to which Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Sir William Simpson (among others) will contribute.

THE Early English Text Society will issue early in August, as its second text for this year in its Original Series, Mr. Rhodes's edition of the interlinear Anglo-Saxon glosses and original Latin of the *Liber Scintillarum* by an unknown Defensor; and in its Extra Series—the second and last book for 1889—part v. of Mr. A. J. Ellis's great work on *Early English Pronunciation*. This part deals with our modern English dialects, as illustrating the earlier ones, and contains nearly a thousand pages. The Philological and Chaucer Societies also unite in publishing this book.

DR. THOMAS MILLER, of Göttingen, has sent to press for the Early English Text Society his new edition of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* in Latin and the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred. For the benefit of the less learned members of the society a modern English version will be

printed at the foot of the parallel Latin and Anglo-Saxon texts, according to the society's rule.

DR. LUICK is to edit for the Early English Text Society a small volume of Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, from Robert Thornton's Additional MS. in the British Museum and other sources.

MR. EMIL WERNER has undertaken to edit for the Chaucer Society the Early English version of Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*, on which Chaucer founded (more or less) his "Legend of Good Women," though he had other sources for his poem, as Prof. Skeat points out in his excellent new edition of it for the Clarendon Press.

MR. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has in the press a new volume of essays, entitled *Rambles in Bookland*. Mr. Elliot Stock will publish the work shortly.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a volume of sketches of maritime life, by Mr. W. Clark Russell, taking its title from "The Romance of Jenny Harlow," which recently appeared in the *English Illustrated*. The book will have a frontispiece drawn by Mr. F. Barnard.

MISS F. E. COOKE, the author of popular biographies of Richard Cobden, Lloyd Garrison, and others, is engaged upon a life of Father Damien for young people, which will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in September.

THE September volume in the "Camelot" series will be More's *Utopia*, with an introduction by Mr. Maurice Adams.

THE forthcoming number of the *Library* will contain the following articles: "The Library of the Royal College of Surgeons of England," by J. B. Bailey; "The Tōkyō Library," by S. Tegima, director of the library; a first instalment of "Caxtoniana," by F. Norgate; and Notes on Swedish libraries, by J. P. Briscoe.

THE Admiralty have placed the order for the supply of naval libraries in the hands of Mr. Thomas Laurie.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Boissier read a paper upon the religion of Boethius. Many authorities have recently maintained that he was a pagan; but M. Boissier supported the older view, that he was a Christian. He was certainly born of a Christian family, and was the friend and son-in-law of Symmachus. The authenticity of the Christian writings attributed to Boethius has been disputed; but this question is settled by Holder's discovery of the fragments of Cassiodorus, in which they are formally ascribed to him. The pagan character of the famous *De Consolatione Philosophiae* is to be explained by the fact that many Christians of that time who had received a classical education prided themselves on keeping their religion and their philosophy apart. Saint Augustine has left philosophical dialogues, which are full of Plato and Cicero, but contain no allusions to Christ or the Bible.

THE American resident of Florence, who is modestly content to be known under the initials W. F., has printed, as No. iv. of his "Bibliographical Notices," a second list of books printed in Iceland between 1578 and 1844, supplementary to the British Museum Catalogue. That Catalogue cites 170 titles of such books, of which 38 are absent from W. F.'s collection. The first of these "Bibliographical Notices" added 139 to titles, and the second now adds exactly 139 more, raising the total number of books known to have been printed in Iceland before the establishment of a press at Reykjavik (1844) to 448. Even to one who cannot admit a passion for Icelandic bibliography this work must prove attractive,

both from the extraordinary pains expended upon its production and the accuracy of its details. The earliest entry in chronological order is a Catechism translated from the Latin by Arngrímur Jónsson, and printed at Hólar in 1596. But the most interesting is the first edition of the Passion Hymns of Hallgrímur Pétursson (1666), to which is appended a complete bibliography of the work. There is also the second volume of the first newspaper published in Iceland, the *Íslandske Maanedstidender* of Hrappsey (1775). At the end are some corrections and additions to "Bibliographical Notices," I.; and a full index of names and titles, with a table of the books according to their places of printing.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added *At Last*: a Christmas in the West Indies, with the original illustrations, to their cheap edition of Charles Kingsley's Works. It is interesting to learn that this narrative of travel has been only less popular than the novels. It was first published, in two volumes, in 1871; a one volume edition was called for in the following year; and it has been since reprinted no less than ten times.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

WE hear that Dr. David Masson, the historian of Milton, contemplates resigning shortly the chair of rhetoric and English literature at Edinburgh, which he has held since 1865, when he succeeded Aytoun.

DR. SANDYS, the Public Orator at Cambridge, has sent to press an edition of the speech of Demosthenes against the Law of Leptines, with introduction and critical and explanatory notes. It will be published by the Syndics of the University Press.

MR. G. G. A. MURRAY, fellow of New College, Oxford, has been elected by the Glasgow university court to the professorship of Greek, vacant by the removal of Prof. Jebb to Cambridge. Mr. Murray took his degree only last year, after a very brilliant undergraduate career.

MR. J. J. BEARE has been appointed to the professorship of moral philosophy at Trinity College, Dublin, vacant by the death of Dr. Maguire.

GLASGOW University last week conferred the hon. degree of LL.D. upon Herr Joseph Joachim, who is already a doctor of music of both Oxford and Cambridge.

ON Thursday of this week Prof. Sayce received the hon. degree of D.D. at Edinburgh.

DR. JOHN STRUTHERS has resigned the professorship of anatomy at Aberdeen, which he has held for more than forty-four years.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, among former students, to present a testimonial to Prof. Kennedy on his retirement from the chair of mechanical engineering at University College, London, which he has occupied for the last fifteen years.

It is perhaps worthy of note that, in the recent degree list of the Victoria University, the highest honours were obtained by a woman, who was placed alone in the first class in classics.

ACCORDING to a statement printed in the New York *Evening Post*, the total benefactions from private sources to forty-five American colleges amount in the aggregate to 3,293,500 dollars (say £658,000).

A DEPARTMENT of paedagogics has been established in the university of Pennsylvania, sufficient funds having been subscribed to found a special library, and to provide the salary of a professor for three years.

THE following are the numbers of students at the German universities this session: Berlin, 4939; Munich, 3622; Leipzig, 3322; Halle, 1800; Würzburg, 1586; Tübingen, 1410; Bonn, 1406; Breslau, 1329; Heidelberg, 1194; Freiburg, 1191; Erlangen, 970; Göttingen, 950; Marburg, 852; Jena, 654; Münster, 448.

TRANSLATION.

THREE GIPSY SONGS.

[THE originals of the three following gipsy songs will be found in an excellent little volume, *Through Romany Songland*, by Laura Alexandrine Smith, recently published by Mr. David Stott.]

I.

SPANISH: MALAGUENA.

If my little mother dear,
If my little mother sweet,
Saw me passing in my pain,
Tears she'd rain upon the street.

II.

SPANISH: FANDANGO CON RITORNELLO.

Will you give me these pearly tears
That down your cheeks have rolled?
I will take them to Granada
To be set in rings of gold.

III.

ANGLO-ROMANY: CAMO GILLIE.

Thy white breasts
My pillows shall be;
Thy bright eyes
The lamps for me!
Ah! dearest girl,
Do not disdain,
I may not see
Thy face again.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for August contains a valuable sketch of the exegesis of Columbanus by Prof. Stokes; an essay of melancholy interest by the late W. H. Simcox on the Prodigal and his Brother; a study of "the order of Melchizedek," in Heb. vii., by Dr. Bruce; of Psalm viii., by Prof. Cheyne; and of St. Paul's discussion of Galatian Judaism, by Mr. Rendall; an essay on the phrase "unprofitable servants," by Mr. J. J. Murphy; and a keen review of vol. ii. of the English edition of Schrader's *Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament*, by "E."

THE HOUSE-COMMUNITIES AND CO-OPERATIVE UNIONS OF BULGARIA.

MR. J. E. GUESHOV, the Bulgarian economist, whose name is identified with some important incidents in the struggle of his people for national life and freedom, has recently published three interesting articles in the leading Bulgarian review—*Periodichesko Spisanie*—which appears at Sofia. The subject which he treats is the system of house-communities and co-operative societies in his native country. The house-communities of the Slavs have been already discussed by Prof. Bogišić and the late Sir Henry Maine. It is chiefly, however, the Serbian *zadruga* which are known in Western Europe. The Bulgarian communal systems have been described only by M. de Laveleye, with the exception of Herr Kanitz, who has told us something of a Bulgarian *zadruga*, which he found at Sukhin-dol.

In the first place it must be clearly stated that the word *zadruga* is met with only among the Croats and Serbs. It is unknown to the Bulgarians; but it is used as a convenient term by M. Gueshov, on account of its having been employed extensively by Western writers. The

Bulgarians sometimes call it *kupshtina*, of which a form—*skupstchina*—is met with among the Croats. Our author thinks, with considerable reason, that the word *zadruga* is implied in the Greek *σπογγος*, employed by the Byzantine writer, Michael Acominatus (*De Thessalia, ejusque Agro*). The head of the Bulgarian house-community is called *domakin*, the man of the house, and not *starshina*, the elder, as among the Serbs. The *domakin* is usually either married or a widower; he may, however, be a single man. M. Gueshov remembers at most only one *zadruga* the head of which was a woman, but the rule is to appoint a man; and this is natural, for the *domakin* not only governs the *zadruga*, but represents it to the outer world. He sells and buys for it, and is its mouthpiece, if such a need arises, before the law. To him respect and obedience are due from the rest. The property and the honour of the whole family are entrusted to him. The *domakina* must be either a wife or a widow; cases, however, have occurred where she is an unmarried woman. She is generally either the wife of the *domakin*, or widow of a previous one. If the house-master has no wife, the oldest woman of the community is elected *domakina*. It is she who regulates the work to be done by the women of the household—as, for instance, who is to bake or cook on particular days; and she arranges the domestic labour so as to allow the women time for attention to their children and other duties.

The principle of the *zadruga* is that each member must work for the common good according to his capacity. Anyone who is dissatisfied with the work assigned to him can leave the community, and the only goods which he is allowed to carry away with him as his *peculium* are his clothes. If one of the women contracts a second marriage with a man who is not a member of the *zadruga*, her children by her first husband remain in the community, although she herself quits it. When the young girls marry, they have nothing from the *zadruga* except the *zestra*, which consists of clothes and bed furniture, for which the *zadruga* receives what is called a *prid*—a money-payment from the bridegroom.

These house-communities are spread over Bulgaria from Leskovatz in the north to Macedonia; but concerning the latter part of the country, M. Gueshov is not able to give us any minute details. It was handed back to the Turks by the lamentable treaty of Berlin, and must wait patiently its reunion with Bulgaria—its inevitable destiny. As an instance of a well-known *zadruga*, details are given us of that of Gornya-Banya, not far from Sofia. The head of this community is a priest. About four years ago it consisted of twenty-eight and now has more than thirty-five members, and is ruled by the *domakin*, Todorin. With him work his six brothers, one of whom is a priest, a second a farmer, a third a shepherd, a fourth a miller, a fifth the keeper of an inn, and a sixth a tailor. No property is private among them with the exception of their clothes. All work for the house-community; even the priest, if he gets money from any quarter, from a wedding, christening, or funeral, is obliged to bring it into the common fund. The *domakina*, the wife of Todorin, arranges which of her sisters-in-law shall bake one day, and which shall cook. One oven and one kettle suffice for the thirty-five members of the *zadruga*. According to M. Gueshov, concord and love prevail in this community; and the priest assured him that if they had possessed in severalty, they could never have passed through the terrible period of the last Russo-Turkish war.

Since the independence of Bulgaria no legal sanction has been given to this customary

right, but it remains deeply rooted as an institution in the public mind. An example is quoted of a member of a *zadruga* who purchased two plots of land, and sought the authority of the law to have them confirmed as his individual property. The law decided in his favour; but the whole village rose against him, and he was obliged to hand over his newly acquired property to the *zadruga* to be held in common. "Quid leges sine moribus?" says M. Gueshov. Of what use are the laws of a country, he asks, if they are not based upon the public conscience and national institutions?

The first article concludes with a discussion of the arguments which have been urged by legists for and against the communal system. But we must not trouble readers of the ACADEMY with the re-statement of a question which has been already threshed out. M. Gueshov is obliged to confess, in spite of his admiration for the system, that it is dying out. The *mir* in Russia is already being exploited by the *kulaks* and *miroyeds*. According to M. Reclus, the Serbian *zadrugas* are diminishing; and, by a law passed in Croatia in 1874, no fresh ones can be created in that part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, although the custom seems deeply rooted in the country.

In his second essay M. Gueshov gives us some interesting statistics regarding the co-operative market gardeners of Bulgaria. These industrious men do not confine themselves to any particular localities, but travel about and raise vegetables on plots of ground which they hire; and we must remember that before everything the Slav is an agriculturist. These co-operative societies remind us of the Russian *artels*, in which the artisans unite their earnings and maintain a common table. The unit of the gardeners' co-operative society is the working gardener. If a man has gained experience in this calling, he can easily enter one of the societies, even if he has no money, for capital is not a necessary condition of admission. The union is called a *taifa*, and is great or little according to the size of the garden which it is proposed to cultivate, and that of the town which offers a market for their products. The head is called master, or in the native terms *chorbadjia* or *taifadjia*—words of Turkish origin. He holds the purse, and keeps the accounts. After him in importance is the *prodavach*, or salesman, to whom is entrusted the sale of the vegetables. These two functionaries have greater shares than the rest; but the funds of the society are distributed in proportion among the *ortatsi*, or workers in the garden. Minute details are given on these points by M. Gueshov, who also enables us to form an idea of the great variety of vegetables cultivated.

In his third essay our author furnishes lists of other co-operative unions at present existing in Bulgaria, and the numbers of their members. Besides market-gardeners, there are co-operative societies of shepherds, reapers, masons, bakers, tinkers, and potters. The latter appear to have a jargon confined to themselves. Is not this to be accounted for by their probably being often gipsies?

All these statistics afford an interesting study of the industry and frugality of the Bulgarian, who seems to have great things in store for him now that he has shaken off the cruel Turkish yoke and has earned the respect of all Europe. One thing is certain: if co-operation be, as some economists have stated, the ultimate solution of the labour question, the Bulgarians exhibit a well-developed form of it, and their system is worth our study.

W. R. MORFILL.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- FISCHER, O. Zur Charakteristik der Dramen Marlowe's. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 GESSLER, A. Der Antheil Basels an d. deutschen Literatur d. 16. Jahrh. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
 KUNZ, S. Das Verhältnis der Handschriften v. Chaucers *Legend of Good Women*. Breslau: Preuss. 1 M.
 MÜLLER-WALDE, P. Leonardo da Vinci. Lebensskizze u. Forschungen üb. sein Verhältnis zur Florentiner Kunst u. zu Rafael. 2. Lfg. München: Hirth. 5 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BAASCH, E. Forschungen zur hamburgischen Handelsgeschichte. I. Die Islandfahrt der Deutschen, namentlich der Hamburger vom 15. bis 17. Jahrh. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 DECRUE, F. Anne Duc de Montmorency, connétable et pair de France. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
 GUENTHER, L. Die Idee der Wiedervergeltung in der Geschichte u. Philosophie d. Strafrechts. Abt. I. Die Kulturvölker d. Altertums u. das deutsche Recht bis zur Carolina. Erlangen: Blaesing. 6 M.
 HEIGEL, K. Th. Der Umschwung der bayerischen Politik in den J. 1679-1683. München: Franz. 3 M. 50 Pf.
 HINOSA, E. Felipe II. y el conclave de 1559. Madrid: Hernandez. 3 pes.
 MATHEKE, die, der Universität Rostock. I. 1419-1493. Hrg. v. A. Hofmeister. Rostock: Stiller. 20 M.
 PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. Preussischen Staatsarchiven. 29. Bd. Die Verhandlungen Schwedens u. seiner Verbündeten m. Wallenstein u. dem Kaiser v. 1631 bis 1634. Vom O. Irner. 2 Thl. 1633. Leipzig: Hirzel. 14 M.
 STAHN, K. Die Ursachen der Räumung Belgiens im J. 1794. Buzelau: Kreuschmer. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 WINKELMANN, E. Kaiser Friedrich II. 1. Bd. 1218-1235. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 13 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- EPPING, C. Astronomisches aus Babylon od. das Wissen der Chaldäer ü. den gestirnten Himmel. Freiburg-L. Br.: Herder. 4 M.
 LAFFITTE, P. Cours de philosophie première. T. 1. Théorie générale de l'entendement. Paris: Bouillon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 MADAME, A. La thermodynamique et ses applications aux machines à vapeur. Paris: Bernard. 10 fr.
 VOSS, W. Mycologia Carniolica. Ein Beitrag zur Pilzkunde d. Alpenlandes. 1. Thl. Berlin: Friedländer. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ENGLAENDER, D. Der Imperativ im Altfranzösischen. Breslau: Preuss. 1 M.
 KNICKERBOCK, F. De deorum invocationibus quas in componendis carminibus poetae romani frequentant. Marburg: Elwert. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

London: July 31, 1889.

During his residence at the Russian embassy in London Prince Antiochus Cantemir made many friends, and his correspondence with J. J. Zamboni—the resident of the Duke of Darmstadt—which is preserved in the Bodleian Library,* may illustrate the cordial relations subsisting between them. "His house was the rendezvous of scholars," says the Abbé Guasco; and it is a well-known fact that the first Russian satirist wrote some satires in London. Here he learnt Italian, and arranged for publishing his father's *History of the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire*.† Six years' residence in England was not time lost for a man who, even in the year 1724, in a most humble petition to Peter the Great, expressed his wish to go abroad for the purpose of study.

In the beginning of September, 1738, Lord Harrington informed the English resident at St. Petersburg that Prince A. Cantemir was going to leave London. By the letter of revocation, dated April 18, the Russian Empress Anne Ivanowna appointed Prince Cantemir to be minister plenipotentiary at the court of France.

* B. L. Zamboni Papers (MS. AD. v. 57), v. ix., f. 547-577.

† Translated into English by N. Tindall, 2 p., London, 1734-35.

"Our Affairs," wrote the empress to George II.,* "requiring at present to recall from your Royal Majesty's Court Our well-beloved and Right-trusty Prince Antiochus Cantemir, our Minister Plenipotentiary, and to employ him in another Commission. We cannot but friendly and sisterly acquaint your Majesty therewith by the present, kindly desiring Your Majesty favourably to dismiss from you the said our Minister."

The king's reply to this communication was in the following terms:

"George the Second, &c.,

"To the Most High, Most Potent, and Most Illustrious Princess, Our Most dear Sister, the Great Lady Czarina and Great Duchess Anne, &c.,
 "Most High and most Potent, and most Illustrious Princess, Your Czarish Majesty having signified to Us by your letter of the 18th April Your Resolution of recalling from Our Court Your Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, Prince Antiochus Cantemir, We could not in justice to his merit dismiss him from Our Presence without acquainting Your Imperial Majesty how worthy he has constantly shewed himself of the Trust You reposed in him, and how much to Our satisfaction he behaved himself during the whole course of his Ministry here, in endeavouring upon all occasions to promote and increase the happy Union which subsists between Us. The said Minister Plenipotentiary will not fail to inform Your Imperial Majesty how earnestly We desire and wish for the perpetuation of the present entire Harmony and Friendship, and how sensible We have always been and still are of Your Czarish Majesty's friendly and sisterly disposition towards Us, wherein We hope Your Majesty will give him entire credence, and so concluding with the most sincere assurance of Our best wishes for Your constant Welfare, We most earnestly recommend Your Czarish Majesty to the Protection of the Almighty. Given at our Imperial Palace of Kensington this eighth Day of September in the year of Our Lord God, 1738; and in the twelfth Year of Our Reign.

"Your most affectionate Brother,
 "George R."

"Harrington."†

What was the real reason for the nomination of Prince Cantemir to France has never been satisfactorily explained. Some indications may be found, it seems to me, in the despatches between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harrington on the one side, and the English residents at Paris and St. Petersburg on the other.

In the beginning of the year 1738 Prince Cantemir had been instructed by his government to resume friendly intercourse with France; and, if credit may be given to the Duke of Newcastle's despatch, dated January 6, 1738, Prince Cantemir tried to ingratiate himself with M. Cambis, the French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Thanks to his efforts the relations between Russia and France improved. But this was not all. On June 24, C. Rondeau wrote as follows from St. Petersburg:

"Count Osterman had sent to desire me to come to his house this evening; where I was no sooner arrived than he read to me a paper by Her Czarish Majesty's order, and desired I would not mention it to any body, because he had not been ordered to make the following declaration. Count Osterman told me in great confidence, that the Czarina had taken this sudden resolution of sending Prince Cantemir to France, in order to show and convince the Diet of Sweden that, in case they resolved to undertake any thing against Russia, they cannot reasonably expect any assistance from the French king, since the Czarina is on such good

* P.B.O. H. P. Royal Letters, Empress of Russia, N. 3, f. 23-27. The original, written in Russian and ornamented with a golden border, is signed by the Empress's own hand and countersigned by the Vice-Chancellor, Count Osterman.

† P.R.O. King's Letters, Russia, 1714-1741, I., 57, f. 195-196.

terms with France that she has sent a Minister Plenipotentiary to that Court.*

Prince Cantemir resided at the Court of France till the last days of his life. On March 31, 1744 O.S., he died, to the sorrow of his friends, to one of whom the celebrated Montesquieu, on being informed of Cantemir's death, wrote the following lines of consolation :

"L'Abbé Venuti m'a fait part, mon cher Abbé, de l'affliction que vous a causée la mort de votre ami le prince de Cantemir. . . Vous trouverez partout des amis pour remplacer celui que vous avez perdu, mais la Russie ne remplacera pas si aisément un ambassadeur du mérite du prince de Cantemir. . ."

Generations have elapsed since the death of Prince Cantemir, but the words of Montesquieu remain true to the present time.

B. ALEXANDRENKO.

ADRIEN DE BUT'S TESTIMONY TO A KEMPIS.

London: July 31, 1889.

It may interest the many admirers of the *Imitation* and its author to know that Father Becker has just completed a series of articles in the *Précis Historiques* (Brussels) on the authorship, giving the results of the latest works on that subject, and many proofs in favour of Thomas à Kempis.

As a supplement, Dr. Cruise, of Dublin, has had photographed a page of the *Chronicles* of the Cistercian Monastery of the Dunes, with the note on a Kempis signed by Adrien de But. In this one can see at a glance, as Dr. Cruise points out, that this note refers to the year 1458, to the account of which year it is joined on. The use of the present tense "aédificat" shows that Thomas was then living; while the past tense "descripsit" refers to the *Imitation* as having been already written.

PHILO-KEMPENSIS.

THE UNAUTHORISED REPRINTING OF POEMS.

Wordsworth's Cottage, Grasmere: July 26, 1889.

On public grounds I deem it my duty to protest in the most emphatic terms against the following infringement of the law relating to copyright. From the table of contents on the outside of *The Bible Society Monthly Reporter* I recently discovered that a poem of mine had been inserted in the May number of that periodical without my knowledge or permission. The poem in question was first published in my *Sonnets, and other Verse*, and afterwards in *Sacred Song*. It is needless to state that the copyright of these volumes has not yet expired.

Unfortunately, this appropriation of other people's property is not the only offence of which the editor has been guilty, nor is it the most serious. To suit his own taste he has thought fit to make various alterations in several of the lines, and has thus defaced any beauty which the poem may previously have possessed. To print my name at the foot of such a mangled and incorrect version of my work appears to me to be a most unkind and libellous untruth, for the poem as thus altered is not mine. If I am rightly informed, many thousand copies of this incorrect version of my lines will have been distributed in this periodical (price one half-penny), not only almost in every town of the United Kingdom, but also through Canada, Australia, the West Indies, and most of our other colonies.

In conclusion, I would state that I have no doubt that the editor has sinned through

* P. R. O. Russia. St. Petersburg, Rondeau, N. 31.

† Lettre à l'Abbé Guasco, de 1^{er} aout 1744, *Oeuvres complètes de Montesquieu*, v. vii., p. 271 (ed. Laboulaye, Paris, 1879).

want of thought, and not through any wrong intention; but it is because it is so easy to err in these matters through want of thought that I am constrained to write this letter in the hope of preventing such misdoings in future.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

SCIENCE.

Bird-Life of the Borders. By Abel Chapman. (Gurney & Jackson.)

HE is the best observer of animal life who is a sportsman as well as a naturalist. The enthusiasm of the one quickens the patient watchfulness of the other. Most probably the sportsman who is also a naturalist will earn the black looks of those who are merely sportsmen when he hangs behind in the stubbles to determine the name of some little bird in a neighbouring hedge; and he will indubitably lose his chance, as the thickest of the pheasants approach his corner, because he will watch the proceedings of a green woodpecker on an old elm. But everywhere he gains double enjoyment for his hobbies, and if he only takes pains to write in fluent English a tithe of what he has thus seen and heard, the chances are that he produces a charming book. St. John, in the last generation, was the typical example of this union of outdoor tastes; Colquhoun and A. E. Knox in the present. All three have left lovers of the country delightful pictures of the quaint manners and habits of the native birds and beasts. And now Mr. Chapman, from the plenitude of experience garnered during years of shooting and observation of nature, has written a volume on the bird life of the fells and coast of Northumberland well worthy of being named with their books. The *Bird Life of the Borders* will enchant all who are fond of birds, and who have themselves penetrated into remote districts in order to study them at leisure; while stay-at-home naturalists will be pleased to possess the graphic pictures of border moor and moss which these ably written pages contain. Sympathy with all living creatures, careful observation with cautious deductions, and strong love for the bleak moors and wild scenery of the Cheviots—such are the characteristics of this most interesting book.

A student of the Reports on birds from the different lighthouses, issued by a Committee of the British Association, might grumble at Mr. Chapman's criticism—"They appear quite as remarkable for what they omit as for what they include." He speaks generously at other times on the usefulness of these Reports, in which we quite agree; but it is surely unreasonable to expect too much of the lighthouse-keepers, who are not trained ornithologists, and who give their time and trouble freely to the scheme. What is really wanted is an abstract and index to the whole series of reports, and this is now being done by a competent ornithologist. Mr. Chapman murmurs too at the legal restrictions imposed upon shooting wild fowl after March 2. That date was adopted after due consideration, and the Act passed in the interest of the many. Doubtless there may be friction in its working every here and there, but every protective law labours under the same objection. We know a trout river in Devon which would "fish" beautifully in January, but anglers

wait loyally, however much they may chafe, until February 2. It is not "maudlin sentimentality" to fine a poor man for overworking his horse. One more grumble and we have done. With ordinary sporting writers the use of slang terms goes for granted. Mr. Chapman writes such pure English, and describes so well, that it is a pity to see his prose disfigured with such commercial solecisms as "in due course," to "negotiate" meaning to "shoot," a "contingent" of ducks, and the "inauguration" of a month for its "commencement."

Mr. Chapman conducts his reader through the bird year on the Cheviots, giving sketches of the birds seen at each season, together with its scenery, as he advances. This plan admits of much pleasant writing and many curious anecdotes of his favourites. He dwells especially on the regular succession season by season, almost week by week at some times, of different birds; and nowhere can the bird-lover meet with a better account of the migrations of these birds. He agrees with Dr. Tristram as to the polar origin of all bird life, and traces many of the northern birds to our shores and to the southern limit of their wanderings. April 20 is the day he fixes on for the stirring of birds on the hills. The common sandpiper then arrives, and a multitude of diverse birds begin laying, moved by the pulse of spring. Many birds have begun to leave the district by the middle of June, and summer for the birds which have fixed on the moors ends in July. A fresh set come into prominence during August. It will astonish many readers to find how destructive the telegraph wires which run along the border roads are to wild birds. The raven is scarce, it seems, on the Cheviots; but it is somewhat surprising to hear that the buzzard has disappeared, and that the peregrine is fast following it. There are some sensible pages on the grouse disease, and perhaps not every grouse shooter knows that this bird only feeds in the evening. In every page occur observations well worthy of being put on record. Thus, sportsmen may remember that the solitary snipe never occurs in the winter; by the middle of October it has passed to its southern home. The coquettishness of black game, grouse, and golden plover during mid-autumn is another noticeable fact. A blackcock's *lek* is generally associated with early spring. Many confuse the goosander with the merganser. The former is essentially a fresh-water bird, whereas the merganser is a sea duck. The resemblances between the wren and the water ouzel have struck observers before, but the details on the movements of snipe in the winter quarters are admirably described. Even in grouse shooting a novelty to most men is here treated—the Northumbrian method of approaching these birds when wild by means of accompanying an empty cart over the moors. Indeed, the sections on grouse and black cock are most carefully written. Even the oldest sportsmen might obtain wrinkles from them.

The second part of the book is occupied with punting for wild fowl on the ooze and sand flats of the north-eastern coast. The descriptions of midnight gunning amid ice and snow give a lively picture of the hardships which accompany a form of sport to

which its devotees are strongly attached. Every sportsman will enjoy these recitals, but their technicality excuses us from entering further into their details.

A few pages are devoted to the trout and salmon fisher. Even here a curious fact is noted that salmon never ascend the eastern, or plutonic rock, channel of the Redewater for the purpose of spawning. They invariably prefer the main stream which flows through moor and moss.

It would be inexcusable, however, to forget the illustrations. Mr. Chapman too modestly describes them as "intended to serve as character-sketches." We have no difficulty in recognising every bird portrayed in them, so great is their fidelity to nature. Although rough pen-and-ink sketches reproduced by photo-zincography, their character exactly suits the wild scenes and the birds of the moorland and river delineated in them. They add a great charm to a book redolent of wild life and careful observation. The sketch of black game disturbed on a stone dyke, and just preparing to fly, is admirable; so are the golden plovers. If we take exception to the alarmed curlew represented on p. 73, it is only because the other sketches of birds are so excellent, and because the curlews depicted on p. 34 are lifelike.

These remarks should send many readers to Mr. Chapman's book. They will not be disappointed. It is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the birds which frequent mountain, moor, and estuary.

M. G. WATKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EGYPTIAN "TUR-SHA."

London: July 29, 1889.

In connexion with the great discoveries made in Egypt by Mr. Flinders Petrie concerning a light-haired people of "Tur-sha" origin, it may be useful to bring to recollection that Prof. Heinrich Brugsch identified the Tur-sha with the Trojans (see Dr. Schliemann's *Ilios*). Another people in Northern Africa, whom the Greeks called Maxyes, Prof. Brugsch identified with the Mashaus, or Mashaua-sha, of the Egyptians. The Maxyes, according to Herodotus, themselves said that "they were the descendants of men who came from Troy." The Thracian kinship of the Trojans would account for the light hair of the Tur-sha.

KARL BLIND.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

THE most noteworthy papers in the August number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* are by Major Conder on the Early Races of Western Asia, and by Messrs. Jacobs and Spielman on the Comparative Anthropometry of English Jews. The latter is illustrated by a plate of curves showing graphically the results obtained by the examination of 423 Jews and Jewesses, partly in the East End and partly in the West End of London, and comparing these results with those obtained in Mr. Galton's classical experiments in his anthropometric laboratory at the Health Exhibition in 1885.

WE would draw attention to an interesting paper, by Mr. Stuart Glennie, in the last volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* (Longmans). Mr. Stuart Glennie has brought together a large mass of facts in support of the theory that the civilisations of the world

are due to what he calls "the Arkhaian White Races," of whom the ancient Egyptians and Akkadians of Chaldea would be the leading representatives. These races were distinguished by a certain type of skull and feature, by their white skin, and by their masterful intelligence and originality. They possessed in common certain traditions of primitive kinship, of a Paradise and of a Deluge; and the civilisations they evolved under favouring conditions were, in the first instance, the result of a superior power of organisation, which enabled them to command the labour of the black or coloured races. The Arkhaian white races were succeeded about 3000 B.C. by the Semites, another branch of the white race; and about 500 B.C. the Semites were superseded as leaders of civilisation by the white-skinned Aryans. If this theory can be maintained—and the facts by which it is supported have been drawn from the best authorities, and are thoroughly up to date—it will have important consequences for the study of mythology, religion, and institutions. Instead, for instance, of finding in the grosser myths of the white races survivals of their primitive culture, we should find in them merely survivals of the superstitions of the lower races with whom the white races were in contact, and with whom their blood may have become partially mixed. So, again, myths found among the lower races may be but misunderstood symbolism of the higher races by whom they were subdued. Similarly the institutions of polyandry and matriarchy would be explained by the supremacy of the white woman over the members of an inferior race. Mr. Stuart Glennie's arguments deserve the serious attention of anthropologists and historians. At all events it is now certain that the old Egyptians belonged to the white race, Virchow's researches having satisfactorily settled the question; and it is highly probable that the Akkadians did so too.

WE have received three parts of the new volume of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner.) The most important article is that by Dr. F. von Luschan, of Berlin, upon the shadow-play so popular throughout Asiatic Turkey, under the name of "Karagöz." Another elaborate article, by Mr. R. Parkinson, deals with the manners and customs of the natives of the Gilbert Islands, in New Britain. Mr. Felix Driessen describes, in English, a silk fabric manufactured at Samarang in Java by the process known as "tie and dye"; and Dr. H. Schurtz contributes a monograph on the throwing-knife or tomahawk used by various negro tribes in Central Africa. All these four articles are illustrated with fine chromo-lithographic plates. A new feature in the *Archiv* is the larger space now devoted to notes from museums and notices of anthropological publications, which contribute to make it invaluable to ethnologists. We would specially mention the bibliography in each part compiled by Dr. G. J. Dozy.

THE last number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* (London: Trübner) contains several papers of more than usual interest. Mr. E. Rehatsek gives statistics of suicides in Bombay city. Their rate per million of the population is nearly 119, as compared with 170 in Berlin and 87 in London; and the proportion is excessively high among Parsis. Mr. H. H. Risley sends a preliminary report upon his ethnographic survey of Bengal, from which we learn that

"the higher castes seem to conform to a type which we are justified in describing as Aryan; the hill-tribes of Chutia Nagpur show some of the marked characteristics of the negro races; there is no material difference between the so-called Dravidian and Kolarian tribes, and neither of them contains any appreciable admixture of Mongolian blood."

Mr. Kedarnath Basu enumerates no less than 232 popular superstitions in Bengal, some of which are curious—e.g., the crossing of the path by a cat is most inauspicious. Mr. Purshotam Balkrishna Joshi gives an account of the Gondhalis—a class of Maratha bards, who have preserved many historical ballads of the last century. And, finally, Dr. Gerson da Cunha describes his unique collection of Indian talismans, amulets, lucky coins, &c., the origin of which he is disposed to assign to Babylonia. This collection includes thirty-seven examples of the Rāmātanka so highly prized in Southern India.

THE report of Mr. A. Rea, archaeological surveyor for Southern India—as printed in *Trübner's Record*—gives some interesting facts about the practice of erecting kistvaens at the present day in Kistna district. The practice is confined to certain low castes of the Vaishnava sect; all the Saivites burn their dead.

"The body is laid horizontally in a shallow grave, the earth is heaped over it in a long narrow mound, and these kistvaens are then placed over it. They do not approach a square, as in the ancient examples, but bear a proportion to the size of the body. At the head and feet are small upright slabs about two feet broad; long slabs are placed upright at the sides, and another of sufficient length and breadth to cover these four upright stones is laid on the top. In some instances a separate stone is placed upright at the head of the grave."

Mr. Rea points out that the practice serves to protect the remains from wild beasts; and he also suggests that the old megalithic kistvaens were superseded by the custom of placing the body of the dead in a large earthenware sarcophagus.

THE August number of the *Indian Magazine* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) contains two articles of interest to anthropologists. Mr. G. F. Sheppard, of the Bombay Civil Service, describes the marriage customs of the Kunbis—the great cultivating caste of Gujarat—with special reference to the movement for reducing the exaggerated expenses attendant on a wedding; and Munshi Milkha Ram contributes some notes on country life in Bhadr, one of the minor states in the plain of the Punjab. Both articles refer to infanticide as dying out.

THE *Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund* for July contains a set of "answers to questions concerning the inhabitants of the country," contributed by Mr. Joseph Jibrail, who has lived as a teacher among the Druzes on Mount Carmel. The most curious beliefs of the Druzes are those connected with China; they believe China to be a holy land, and that when they die they will be reborn in China. Eclipses are caused by a dragon eating a piece of the sun or moon. Some of their beliefs recall those of the early Gnostic and Manichean sects in Syria.

MR. HENRY WITHERBEE HENSHAW has reprinted from the *American Anthropologist* a lecture which he recently delivered in the National Museum, Washington, on the question, "Who are the American Indians?" It is most remarkable for suggesting no solution of the problem, and is otherwise very sensible and clearly expressed. Perhaps the one definite statement is that the Indian race must have originated, whether in America or elsewhere, at an epoch so remote as to be reckoned only by geologic time. Incidentally, we are told that the researches of Major Powell and his assistants in the bureau of anthropology have revealed no less than fifty-eight distinct linguistic families in the country north of Mexico, comprising at least three hundred languages or dialects.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE first instalment (256 pages) of the *Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie* (Strassburg: Trübner) is principally occupied with the articles by the editor, Prof. Paul, on the history and the methodology of Teutonic philology. The astonishing width and accuracy of knowledge displayed in these articles are fully worthy of the author's high reputation, and the style is on the whole more lucid and attractive than that of Prof. Paul's writings usually is. Prof. Sievers contributes a brief paper on the runes, which is chiefly an abstract of the well-known work of Wimmer, though the writer dissents in some points from that scholar's conclusions, especially with regard to the late date assigned to the origin of runic writing. An interesting foot-note deals with the etymology of the word *book*. The common theory that this word is cognate with *beech* Prof. Sievers dismisses as improbable, and suggests that the word, in its primary sense, "board" or "tablet," may be derived from a root (= Sanskrit *bhāj*) meaning "to divide, split." The part further contains the opening paragraphs of an article by W. Arndt on the use of the Roman alphabet in the Teutonic languages.

IN the last number of Prof. Viator's *Phonetische Studien* (Marburg: Elwert) the most important contribution is a German translation, by Prof. Johann Storm, of his paper on "Romanic Quantity," which was published in Danish so long ago as 1876. Some of Prof. Storm's conclusions are likely to occasion controversy, but the paper well deserves careful study. Incidentally the writer discusses the nature of Latin accent and the structural principle of the Saturnian verse. Among the other contents of the number may be mentioned the conclusion of the late W. R. Evans's acute and careful (though not always convincing) criticism of Bell's theory of vowel-formation, an interesting article by H. Hoffmann on the use of phonetics in leading the deaf and dumb to speak, and a review by R. M'Lintock of Sweet's *Elementarbuch des gesprochenen Englisch*. Mr. M'Lintock does not claim any scientific knowledge of phonetics, and some of his strictures appear to be based on misconception; but we agree with him in thinking that the pronunciation indicated in Mr. Sweet's phonetic notation is much more "cockneyish" than that adopted by the majority of educated Englishmen, even in London itself.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co., the English publishers of Sprague's *Handbook of Volapük*, send us a *Volapük Dictionary*, by Dr. M. W. Wood, whose preface is dated from Fort Randall, Dakota. The book, which is the first work of the kind in English, is conveniently arranged, the compiler having adopted the ingenious plan of Bellows's *French Dictionary*. The vocabulary, we should think, is quite ample enough for all the purposes to which Volapük ought to be applied. In some cases the English words are used in senses now peculiar to America. The Volapük equivalent for *pig*, for instance, is given as "smasvin," though the English sense of the word would be represented by *swin*. As Dr. Wood states that the proofs have been carefully read by Col. Sprague, the general accuracy of the renderings may probably be relied upon.

M. DELAIRE has published a careful and interesting study on *Les Travaux hydrauliques en Babylonie* (Brussels), which originally appeared in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* of October 1888. He has given in it a very complete account of the references to the canals of Babylonia and Assyria given in classical writers and the cuneiform inscriptions, and has pointed out their importance and immense size. We must congratulate him on his identification

of the Pallacopas, or rather (as it should be read) Pallakottas, with the Pallukat, a canal mentioned on a contract tablet as starting from the city of Sippara. Equally satisfactory is his argument that the Median wall of Xenophon must be distinguished from the so-called wall of Semiramis. It goes without saying that we have noted some disputable points in the brochure, such as his translation of the Assyrian word *tsippati*, which should rather be read *sippati* "papyri"; but this is inevitable in archaeological and linguistic research. As a whole the brochure is an excellent example of historical investigation, and throws light on an important but neglected question of ancient Babylonian history.

FINE ART.

The Minor Poems of John Milton. Illustrated by Samuel Palmer. (Seeley.)

ALL concerned may well be praised for their share in this beautiful book, which is itself a book of praise. No more true and perfect honour has ever been done to the poetry of Milton than these long pondered and reverent designs of Samuel Palmer, and never has care been more successfully bestowed on the interpretation of an artist's work than in these beautiful and highly finished plates by his son. To Mr. A. H. Palmer has also been due the careful edition of the text. While to complete a panegyric which is not stronger than it is just, a word is also needed to both printer and publisher for the beauty of type and paper. The publisher, indeed, has gone so far out of the usual way of publishers as to decorate the cover with a design adapted by his own hand from one of Samuel Palmer's sketches—an English shepherd lad beneath an oak tree, pipe in hand, "warbling his native wood notes wild."

Like this lad in his smock frock the book throughout is essentially English—English in its poetry, English in its pictures, English in the long and loving care which has gone to its production. Although poetical art of an ideal kind is generally supposed to be the one thing in which English artists have not distinguished themselves, there is perhaps no other modern nation which has produced so much of a high excellence. It is not to be found abundantly in the places where it is generally sought—that is to say in picture galleries; but if we look between the leaves of books which have been illustrated by such men as Blake and Flaxman and Stothard, not to mention Turner or more modern artists, we shall find a body of design which for beauty and refinement of feeling is not to be equalled by any other country. Among these names that of Samuel Palmer must be enrolled. What his few etchings might have failed to accomplish by themselves, from lack of quantity rather than quality, these "illustrations" to Milton, together with those to Virgil, should secure past danger; and the labours of Mr. A. H. Palmer in the production of these volumes are a service to English art as well as a worthy memorial of his father.

It is not in the nature of things that designs like these of Samuel Palmer to Milton should be otherwise than rare, for they can only be executed by men of unusually delicate sensibility and fine imagination, deliberate in conception and fastidious in execution; and as their most spiritual work is never in great demand there is little to stimulate or quicken

the natural slowness of its production. It appears only too probable from Mr. A. H. Palmer's history of the "Milton series" that it would never have been completed if it had not been for the unexpected encouragement of one solitary individual who desired to see something "which specially affected the artist's inner sympathies." As it happened Samuel Palmer's "inner sympathies" had been "specially affected" by Milton's poems for half a century, and the "series" of drawings which, with some others, form the "illustrations" of this volume were soon projected; but it took him till the end of his life—some eighteen years—to complete the last of them with those final touches which he compared to "the few last sunglows which give the fruits their sweetness."

In engraving this series of drawings Mr. A. H. Palmer was practically carrying into effect a cherished project of his father, who intended to etch them.

"The etching dream came over me in this way: I am making my working sketches a quarter of the size of the drawings, and was surprised and not displeased to notice the variety, the difference of each from all the rest. I saw within, a set of highly finished etchings, the size of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, and as finished as my moonlight with the cypresses [an etching called "The Rising Moon," published by the Etching Club in 1857], a set making a book, a compact block of work which I would fain hope might live when I am with the fallen leaves."

Not as he intended, for he only etched two of the series. This "compact block of work," together with engravings of four other drawings, now lives in this volume, and will live as long as there is any interest in English art of its kind. And surely it would be taking an unnecessary despondent view of the future to forecast a time in which work such as this will find no sympathy. It is true that the tendencies of modern art appear to be in a different direction, to the complete divorce between literature and pictorial art, to art impressionist and thoughtless, to art sensuous and unintellectual. But we may happily remember that, though Palmer's art may now seem to some to be, like the spelling of Milton's time, here reproduced, "behind the age" (an age which Samuel Palmer was, he said, not very anxious to overtake), ages pass but intellect and poetry remain; and some men will always live who will love both in poetry and picture the suggestion of something more than meets the eye or the ear.

We want some word to describe the plates. "Illustration" is now, as Mr. A. H. Palmer says, "inevitable"; for it is almost the only term we have to describe the most poetical or the most prosaic form of engraved design, from outlines to Dante to the cuts in a catalogue. Yet the word, though "inevitable," might be used much less aptly than in connexion with these beautiful pictures. The class to which they belong is the highest class of illustration, for they are true instances of the imagination of the artist inspired by the imagination of the writer. Even this class has its unnamed divisions, too numerous to mention. Yet, perhaps, it may be safely asserted that all such designs may be separated under two heads: one in which the artist strives to realise as nearly as possible the writer's own conception, as Hablot Browne in his designs

to Dickens; and the other in which the conception, though suggested by and more or less in sympathy with the writer, is nevertheless distinctly the artist's own—a birth or rebirth of his own imagination. To this latter division belong such "illustrations" as those of Blake to Blair's "Grave," or these of Samuel Palmer to Milton's minor poems. In this form of illustration one art is not the servant of the other, but may be compared rather to a sister or companion. Milton does not need Palmer, and Palmer can be enjoyed without Milton, though each may be better loved by recalling the other. There are probably many persons now alive who, though cultivated and "fond of art," like the Lord Mulgrave of whom we read in Haydon's memoirs, may yet, like him, fail to appreciate the muse of Milton, and many also who are out of sympathy with the art of Palmer; but there are not many who, loving the one, will despise the other. By long study and meditation Samuel Palmer was unusually well qualified for the task which solaced the last years of his life, and required all the resources of imagery and suggestion which he had hoarded, all the "visions of chivalry and romance, and of a transcendent earth," which continually haunted him. He had already lit his torch at the same fire as Milton, and learnt to breathe the same fine air. The spirit of his work is anachronistic in the same way and in the same degree as that of Milton, whose "L'Allegro" with its pure and healthy mirth, whose "Penseroso" with its solemn and noble melancholy, could never have been born in these days when joy (at least in literature) requires a higher seasoning, and melancholy oscillates between the maudlin and the violent. I will not forestall the pleasure of those who have never seen these lovely "illustrations" by attempting to describe them. Ten out of the twelve will be quite new to those who do not know the original drawings. They are all of Samuel Palmer's best, the very flower of his genius, the last and finest fruit of the old tree. Their variety is great within the artist's well-known limits of style. We have the glen-like loveliness and romantic witchery of the scenes from "Comus," the richly wooded luxuriance of England, the fresh life of its mornings, the hallowed hush of its eves, the solemnity of its nights, with moon and stars kerchiefed in comely clouds. Perhaps the finest of all is the noble design of "The Eastern Gate," with its radiant sky overlaid with lawn-like films and broken with fantastic spires of cloud. Over all the designs reigns that rare quality of rest due to the exquisite harmony and finish of the parts executed under the command of a noble idea. They have one and all "the consecration and the poet's dream," and something even, it may be said with reverence, of that peace which passeth understanding.

Now that I am about to speak of Mr. A. H. Palmer's plates, I am reminded that it is not only with regard to the word "illustration" that the poverty of the English vocabulary restricts the resources of the writer on art. I have already used the word "engravings" to describe them; and this, on the whole, is the justest word, although they are not wholly engravings nor etchings. Neither are they wholly photogravures; but they are the result

of one of those mixtures of handwork and photography which are now producing "plates" of such puzzling properties and unequal merits. In these plates of Mr. A. H. Palmer there is, however, no confusion as to the result. They, whatever may have been the history of their manufacture, are as perfect reproductions of the original drawings as is possible. Science and art have combined in their production; but the triumph is rather one of patience and affection. Anyone who is acquainted with photography and Samuel Palmer's water-colours must see at once how little the one was able to reproduce the other without help from handwork. Even the new process by which to a certain extent the effect of colour is neutralised could not unaided translate his rich yellows and purples into perfect tone. The result is a more satisfactory record of the painted series than could have been effected by the etching needle of the artist himself. Some sharpness may be lost, but the gradations are more subtle, the suffusion of light more even. What they have lost in glitter they have gained in glow; and, moreover, much of the "painter" quality has been preserved, something of touch and wash, and a fuller suggestion of colour.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE CYPRUS EXPLORATION FUND.

THE work of archaeological exploration in Cyprus has now been carried on for two seasons. The important results obtained have been described in the reports presented by the committee to the subscribers; and a detailed and scientific account of the sites excavated and the monuments discovered in the course of the first season has been published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. The antiquities hence obtained have been distributed between the British Museum, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and various public schools and other institutions, including the following: Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Charterhouse, Westminster, Marlborough, Clifton. The committee desire to continue the work thus successfully begun; and they have decided, subject to the approval of the government, that a thorough exploration of the site of the ancient Salamis shall be undertaken during the next season. The High Commissioner of Cyprus, Sir Henry Bulwer, to whose support and kindness the committee have from the beginning of their work been especially indebted, has expressed a strong opinion in favour of their next operations being undertaken at this site. The committee hope that Mr. J. A. R. Munro, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, may find it possible to place his valuable services at their disposal; and that some others of those who have already taken part in the excavations may be able to assist in the operations of next season.

The following considerations have determined the committee in their choice of a site. Salamis was beyond question by far the largest and most important city in Cyprus; for, if the many references of ancient authors were not sufficient, the great extent of ruin still existing would attest this fact. The legend which ascribes its foundation to Teucer, who crossed from Asia Minor to the Carpass, is constant; and we have certain evidence that in the eighth century B.C. it was a royal city, and that from this period until the end of the fourth century it ruled over a tract of country far more extensive and fertile than that possessed by any other town; indeed, at one period its dominion reached even to Tamassus and the Troodos range. At no time does it appear to have been Phœnician; whereas, as

is well known, it obtained a very markedly Hellenic character under the influence of Evagoras, and from that period until late Byzantine times was the centre of civilisation in the island. Its great shrine of Zeus was accounted of equal splendour with that of Aphrodite at Paphos, and the site of this temple it should be the aim of the explorers to find. In political and commercial importance Salamis ranked far above all Cyprian cities.

From the excavator's point of view the site is promising—more so, possibly, than any other in the island. The villagers of Agios Sergios, Limnia, and Enkomi find upon the site, and in the tombs about the monastery of St. Barnabas, more coins, gems, and miscellaneous treasure-trove than is gathered from all the rest of the island; and Alexander di Cesnola, when his excavations were stopped by the British government in the first year of the occupation, was finding a large number of unripped tombs, extending inland from the city, and containing very fine specimens of western and native art. Large numbers of such tombs remain still unopened; indeed, no systematic excavation of them has ever been attempted.

The site of the city has been silted up very rapidly and deeply by the deposits of the Pedieus river and by drifting sand. It is, therefore, very probable that, under the late debris which now encumbers the surface, successive layers may be found, and even the earliest city of Teucer reached. The deeper the covering the more hope for the digger. Vast as the site is, there are three spots at least where an excavation might be begun at once, and where there is reason to believe that good results would follow; and the fact that almost the whole is government land would enable the excavators to run exploratory trenches here and there with a freedom which is impossible where a number of small owners possess a site.

As compared with previous years, it may be safely said that excavation at Salamis is a larger and more serious undertaking than at Paphos or Arsinoë; and it is (as it should be) supplemented by a little exploration in the strange district of the Carpass, it may yield results more important than those obtained in both the previous seasons put together. Many excavators have desired to uncover Salamis, and been deterred by considerations of time and expense; and therefore, except for one or two small undertakings in recent years, the site is virgin, and its thorough exploration would be worthy to be compared with the great enterprises of foreign archaeologists.

Most of the money in the hands of the committee has now been spent; and, in order that they may be able to undertake the excavation of Salamis, it is necessary for them to appeal for further subscriptions. It is evident that the thorough exploration of the site will be a work of considerable magnitude; and the committee consider that it should not be begun unless they have at their disposal a sum not less than £1000. With regard to the distribution of any objects which may be found, the committee will act upon the principles set forth in their former appeal. The British Museum will be regarded as having the right to a first choice among them; and, in apportioning the remainder, care will be taken to satisfy the legitimate claims of Oxford and Cambridge, according to the amount which may be contributed to the fund on behalf of either university.

Subscriptions to the fund are invited, and may be sent either direct to the treasurer (Mr. Walter Leaf), at Old Change, London, E.C., or to the account of the Cyprus Exploration Fund, at Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.

SIDNEY COLVIN,
Chairman of the Committee of the
Cyprus Exploration Fund.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A TUDOR Exhibition, of which the Queen has consented to be patron, and the Prince of Wales vice-patron, will be held at the New Gallery, during the months of January to April of next year. The exhibition will comprise pictures, miniatures, arms, armour, plate, embroideries, carvings, books, MSS., &c., of the time from Henry VII. to Elizabeth. The pictures will include the portraits of eminent men and women of the Tudor period, as well as those of the reigning sovereigns. The Hon. Harold Dillon has undertaken the duties of secretary.

MR. G. DURAND, of the *Graphic*, has received a commission from the Queen to paint a picture of the wedding of the Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife; and Mr. Sydney Hall will execute an important work in oils of the same ceremony for the Prince of Wales.

ON Thursday next, August 8, and the three following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a large number of engravings, etchings, &c., from various collections. There are included some early states from Turner's *Liber Studiorum*; a choice series of the work of William Woollett; and five portfolios of historical and political caricatures, from 1740 to 1850, numbering about 1400 pieces.

THE forty-sixth annual congress of the British Archaeological Association was held this week at Lincoln, under the presidency of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

MR. MARTIN COLNAGHI has now on view, at the Marlborough Gallery, Pall Mall, a collection of modern pictures of various foreign schools, including examples of Prof. Müller, Joanovitz, Prof. Holmberg, and Domingo. There is also to be seen Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of the terrier "Jocko," which has been engraved by Mr. T. L. Atkinson.

PROF. S. STANHOPE ORRIS, of Princeton, has been appointed annual director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens for the year 1889-90; but his office is subordinate to that of the permanent director, Dr. Charles Waldstein, who has obtained leave from Cambridge to spend the greater part of the winter in Greece.

IN the last number of the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, Prof. Hübner reviews Mr. Earwaker's *Roman Remains found at Chester*. When speaking of the age of the walls, he makes the same conjecture that Mr. Haverfield made in his review (*ACADEMY*, June 22), namely, that the masonry dates from the time of Septimius Severus.

THE STAGE.

"THE HEADLESS MAN" AND "THE CAT'S-PAW."

"THE HEADLESS MAN"—brought out at the Criterion last Saturday—would probably never have been produced at this season at all had it not been desirable to secure English criticism before performance in America. And though Mr. Charles Wyndham will not rely in chief upon "The Headless Man" for his American playbill, the new piece will unquestionably form a feature in his programme for the States. If it must be said, on the one hand, that a main object of the piece appears to have been to provide Mr. Wyndham with a characteristic part, it must be remembered, on the other, that the part is of the kind with which his name a few years since was habitually associated, and that it has nothing in common with the rôles which have

been more recently assumed by a comedian who is rightly determined to be taken very seriously. Mr. Wyndham's part in "The Headless Man" is of the old-fashioned rollicking sort. He plays a gentleman whose circumstances, both private and professional, are inextricably confused—a solicitor who believes that, in his life and in his office, order reigns, if he does but docket his letters or make a memorandum on his shirt cuff—a solicitor who considers that his duties to his clients are admirably fulfilled at no cost to himself of effort or of skill. And Mr. Wyndham's gifts of temperament and his acquired talents enable him to make us believe, or very nearly believe, in the existence of this person in modern life. It has been well enough suggested—but the suggestion is as true of half the farcical comedy that was ever written as it is of "The Headless Man"—that "the confusion would be more amusing if it were less confounded." Perhaps, too, "The Headless Man" is not, in its dialogue, a thing of ideal wit; but it is entertaining, and the basis of its satire has undoubtedly been found in some observation of life. Mr. Wyndham rattles on effectively from start to finish, showing alike the character's noisy self-satisfaction and his luckless distresses. The ladies' parts are not strong; and among the men who support Mr. Wyndham—though Mr. Blakeley is good—no one perhaps is quite as effective as Mr. George Giddens, who, indeed, is well provided for by the author, and who makes the most of every opportunity he gets.

Miss Muriel Wylford—a young actress who has yet a good deal to learn, but who is already pleasantly distinguished by naturalness as well as by refinement—gave a *matinée* at Terry's Theatre a week ago and produced "The Cat's-paw," by Mr. John Tresahor. I went to the performance because I remembered that Miss Wylford had been admirable in the part of young Mrs. Errol in "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," upon its country tour last year; so good, indeed, that she came fairly into competition with a mistress of quiet pathos—Miss Mary Rorke. "The Cat's-paw" is truly not a drama which has any further recommendation than that it is supposed to be "stirring," and that it affords to the chief actress a part of overwhelming importance. In effect it is almost a one-part piece, and this is apt to be especially and disagreeably perceptible wherever there is a plentiful lack of literary charm. The material of "The Cat's-paw" has done duty many times, and the language is somewhat stilted. Mr. Laurence Cautley, however, was by no means bad in the piece. Mr. Conway, who, though he is not subtle, is manly—even to his fashion of taking off a great coat, or putting it on—lent useful assistance. And Miss Muriel Wylford proved to us, quite as much by her qualities as by her deficiencies, that melodrama is not a field of art in which she is destined to shine. The comedy that is founded on observation of life, or the drama that is essentially pathetic and poetic, are those fields of art to which unquestionably she should betake herself if she wishes to make the best use of a pleasant, I may even say a remarkable, individuality.

FREDELICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MDME. SARAH BERNHARDT's performances at the Lyceum conclude next week.

WE hear that Mr. Pinero is engaged upon a new play for Mr. Hare, which is to follow "Tosca" at the Garrick Theatre.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Miss Mary Moore take their farewell of the London public on Wednesday next, previous to their American tour.

"IN Danger," by Mr. Cresswell and Mr. Lestocq was produced at the Vaudeville on Monday evening. It is well cast and mounted, and was favourably received. Mr. Lewis Waller gives a clever performance as the hero. Miss Florence West acts with some power, and is much applauded. Mr. Macklin's part is scarcely worthy of him. Mr. Julian Cross, as a pronounced villain, figures only in the first act. Some comedy lines are allotted to Mr. Sidney Brough, who—like the ballet girls in the famous letter to Mr. Winterbotham—"knows how to deal with them." Miss Agnes Miller is sympathetic as the heroine's sister. "In Danger" is of its kind quite a strong play. It is expected to suffice for the wants of the Vaudeville Theatre until the return of Mr. Thorne and the Vaudeville company in November.

MUSIC.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Chopin, and other Musical Essays. By Henry T. Finck. (Fisher Unwin.) The author of *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty* is an intense admirer of Chopin, and in this he is by no means singular. There are many, too, who will agree with him when he asserts that the Polish composer's music was underrated by his contemporaries, Schumann and Liszt excepted. But it is one thing to acknowledge his genius, and another "to place him in the front rank of composers, side by side with Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner." There is nothing in common between Chopin and these three giants to enable one to institute direct comparison. He wrote no fugues, no music-dramas; and surely his pianoforte sonatas will not place him by the side of Beethoven. It is just on this sonata question that Mr. Finck seems to show how untenable is the position he seeks to maintain. He has not the courage to assert that either the B flat minor or the B minor Sonata of Chopin is on a par with any written by Beethoven, so he seeks to prove that the sonata-form was unworthy of Chopin's genius. "Too much thematic beating out," he says, "is the bane of the sonata." And again: "A few bars of gold are worth more than many square yards of gold leaf; and Chopin's bars are solid gold." The first sentence will scarcely bear investigation, and if the second means that Beethoven is to Chopin as gold-leaf to gold, Mr. Finck will horrify many, even as—according to his own confession—he horrified Mr. Otto Singer, a distinguished Cincinnati musician, when he declared in the *Nation* that "Chopin is as distinctly superior to all other piano composers as Wagner to all other opera composers."

It is pleasant to turn from this attempt to place Chopin among the gods of Olympus to the next essay "How Composers Work." In speaking of operas he notes the stimulating effect of a "really poetic and dramatic text" on a composer; and the way in which Gluck, Mozart, Weber, and others looked after their librettists shows how much truth is contained in this statement. The "magic influence of

love" is next named; and with Weber, Schumann, and Berlioz especially, our author has little difficulty in proving his point. Then comes "the beauty of nature," to which so many composers owe inspiration.

The third essay is on "Schumann, as mirrored in his Letters." Of course, with such fascinating material, the reading is light and pleasant; but there is nothing in it which calls for special comment.

"Music and Morals" is the not altogether original title of the following essay. Mr. Finck first notices the marvellous powers ascribed to music by the nations of antiquity. One ought not, however, to lay too much stress on the tales related by poets, or even by historians. Men are credulous, and prone to exaggeration; and, besides, "music" in the early ages, as our author indeed admits, was a very comprehensive term. He is surprised that any one can flatly deny the moral potency of music. But the statements and arguments brought forward by Mr. Finck in favour of this "moral potency" seem to us to show how difficult it is either to assert or deny that music affects morals. By "affecting morals" we understand our author to mean that music has a good influence over men. But all he really shows is that music, as every one admits, excites the emotions; and again, that some very good men were exceedingly fond of music. He gives no example of a bad man becoming good under its influence. It would, perhaps, be unfair to accept the author's statement, that "the irresistible power of Wagner's music changed the whole current of his life," in that light.

The essay, "Italian and German Vocal Styles," is one of great interest. Mr. Finck is an intense admirer of Wagner, yet he can do justice to Italian composers and Italian singers. The old-fashioned, merely sensuous, music cannot cope with modern dramatic music. Simple charm of melody, or beauty of tone and agility of execution in singing are now appreciated less than emotional expression and dramatic characterisation. To Glück, Weber, Schubert, and Wagner we owe especially this change.

"When," says Mr. Finck, "will American girls cease flocking by the hundreds to Milan to learn such rôles as Lucia and Amina, for which there is now no demand either in Europe or America, if we except the Wild Western audiences to which Emma Abbott caters?"

It is pleasing to find justice done to Schubert as one who "restored the voice to its true sphere as the wedded wife of poetry." Schumann, Brahms, and other composers did quite as much; but Schubert led the way. Mr. Finck does well to answer the oft-repeated assertion that Wagner assigned the voice a secondary place in his works because he cared less for it than for the orchestra, and did not understand its nature and uses, by pointing to Wagner's essays, "Schnorr von Carolsfeld" and "Actors and Vocalists," which show "unbounded admiration for the voice, and practical knowledge of its highest functions and correct use."

The last essay in the volume is entitled "German Opera in New York." The great success of German opera in that city during the past five years is a notable fact. "Fidelio," "Euryanthe," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin," "which for years had to fight for every inch of ground, are now masters of the situation, and gaining in popularity every year." And, adds Mr. Finck, "There is therefore no hope for the *Italianissimi* who sigh for their macaroni arias and their 'Ernani' or 'Gazza Ladra' soup."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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